JOHN BULL, MARCH 14, 1936.

HOUSE WITH A BAD NAME SEE PAGES 24 & 25

TWOPENCE.
Vol. LIX.
1552.

JOHN BULL

5,000 HOOVERS

TO BE LENT *Free* FOR SPRING CLEANING!

THIS advertisement means exactly what it says. There are no conditions, no payments and you place yourself under no obligation. FOR TWO DAYS—the Hoover will be just as much yours as if you had bought it, enabling you, without hard work, to spring-clean the whole house from floor to ceiling.

WE DELIVER — WE COLLECT!

Don't disarrange those Rooms!

Don't take up those Carpets!

FILL IN THE COUPON NOW!

ALL YOU HAVE TO DO is to fill in the coupon with your name and address, put a cross on the date in the calendar when you want the machine delivered, fill in number of bedrooms in your house (so that we can send the machine most useful to you) and post the coupon. EVEN IF YOU HAVE ANOTHER MAKE of cleaner, we still invite you to take advantage of this offer, because probably the cleaner you have does not beat the carpets, and beating is particularly essential at spring-cleaning time.

THE HOOVER BEATS ON A CUSHION OF AIR

The Hoover cleaning process beats your carpets far more thoroughly, yet far more gently, than if they were taken up and beaten out of doors by hand. It vibrates the dirt to the surface, sweeps it up and suctions it away into the Hoover bag. In one dustless, effortless operation it not only cleans carpets to the roots but also re-erects the pile and freshens the colours.

FOR CURTAINS, UPHOLSTERY, CUPBOARDS, ETC.

With each machine will be lent free a complete set of the Hoover dusting tools so useful for spring-cleaning. With these you can air-clean and brighten upholstered furniture, heavy curtains and cushions. You can dust high cornices, picture rails and cupboard tops. You can even spring-clean your dog—and your car's upholstery.

Post the Coupon now and make certain of your Hoover!

COUPON

To HOOVER LTD., DEPARTMENT X.3 PERIVALE, GREENFORD, MIDDLESEX.

Please arrange for me to have a Hoover for two days. I would like it on the date crossed on the calendar. It is understood that this places me under no obligation whatever.

Name .....

Address .....

No. of Bedrooms ..... Voltage .....

MARCH						
S	M	T	W	T	F	S
	16	17	18	19	20	21
22	23	24	25	26	27	28
29	30	31				

APRIL						
S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			1	2	3	4
5	6	7	8	9	10	11
12	13	14	15	16	17	18
19	20	21	22	23	24	25
26	27	28	29	30		

MAY						
S	M	T	W	T	F	S
					1	2
3	4	5	6	7	8	9
10	11	12	13	14	15	16

N.B. Please allow us at least four days to make the necessary arrangements.

The HOOVER

REGISTERED TRADE MARK

It BEATS... *as it Sweeps... as it Cleans*

FREE 1/- RUG BOOK

A 100 FREE SAMPLES of "Wulfrid" READIOUT RUG WOOLS

The week you buy direct — excluding 112 Ring Stations of the wool and hole in Full Colour. Shade on insides ready for use. Engineering Illustrated by This magnificent book. Write postcard only. Send now, enclosing 2d. stamps (for postage etc.), to: READIOUT WOOL Co., Ltd., Dept. 68, OSSETT, Yorks.

A GUINEA RYTIMA LOWER SIX FREE

CYCLES 57/6

THAT'S MY OFFER to all readers of "John Bull." Select your cycle from the latest 1936 Models at lower prices and terms than Agents charge. Approval and Carriage Paid. Write NOW for Free Lists.

EDWD. O'BRIEN, Ltd., Dept. 3, COVENTRY.

FREE GUIDE

RED TILES

RED COMPOSITION FLOORS & STEPS made like new with CARDINAL POLISH

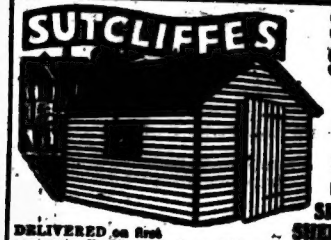
LARGE TINS 6D & 1K

SOLD BY ALL DEALERS

This beautiful rich red tone which is the charm of Red Tile and Red Composition floors can be immediately restored with Cardinal Polish. Also excellent for Front Steps. Easy to apply: will not rub off. Made by makers of Mansion Polish.

Dept. K, Chiswick Products, Ltd., London, W.4. C.P.3.5

SUTCLIFFE'S STORE SHED from 2/9 MONTHLY



Design S.S. SMALL STORE SHEDS from 20/-

DELIVERED on first payment. For storing Tools, Garden Implements, Cycles, Prams, etc. Built in 6 strong perfect fitting sections. easily the best value. Sent carriage paid. Roofing Felt supplied Free. (Floor extra.)

Long	Wide	High	Cash or 12 payments
6ft.	4ft.	6ft.	£1 10 0 — 2/6
7ft.	6ft.	6ft.	2 12 6 — 5/-
10ft.	7ft.	6ft.	3 10 0 — 6/6
12ft.	8ft.	7ft.	4 15 0 — 8/10

Send for Free CATALOGUE, Sheds, Sports Pavilions, Poultry Houses, Kennels, Greenhouses, Garages, Coal Bunkers, Aviaries, etc. All Carriage Paid.

F. & H. Sutcliffe Ltd., 82, Wood Top, Hebden Bridge, Yorks. London Showrooms: 40-42, Oxford St., W.1.

AGENTS REQUIRED

HIGHEST COMMISSION PAID

£5 to £8 per week easily earned by live men with spare time to represent London's oldest Cash and Credit Departmental Store.

THIS IS NOT A CLUB DRAW AGENCY.

Every appointed Agent can promise big customers immediate delivery on payment of Deposit.

There is no waiting for Club Draw Tickets.

Each Representative has Full Range of Samples Supplied without charge. All Illustrated Catalogues and Stationery Free. We specialise in Household Goods, Drapery, Boots, Shoes, Radio and Musical Instruments.

Including Piano Accordions by all the Best Makers.

Jewellery of every description. Our Agents are able to open Accounts on the Most Favourable Terms. No outlay or experience required. Why not send to-day for particulars of Permanent Employment with us at Big Income?

Full details Free upon receipt of a Postcard addressed to "Staff Employment Manager."

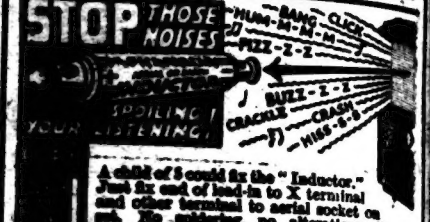
J. A. DAVIS & CO
54 GT. QUEEN ST. LONDON, W.C.2

"THEY LAUGHED AT FIRST"

but when I began to play my hand felt upon the keys, I played the first few bars of Beethoven's immortal moonlight Sonata." My friends sat spellbound. When the last notes died away the excitement on their faces! "Why, you're a teacher!" "How do you get that lovely singing tone?" I received similar replies daily from students of MY POSTAL LESSONS for the PIANO who started without knowing a note. "It almost a place, I'LL MAKE YOU PLAY BETTER beyond your dreams. I have enrolled 120 adult pupils last week these had few weeks, some famous 4,000 have just 12 months, over 40,000 during 25 years, and I CAN TEACH YOU. Ordinary musical notation only used (no freakish methods) enabling you to read and play at sight any standard musical composition. Send 3d. for FREE book, "Mind, Music and Keyboard," my special pamphlet "Truth in Advertising," and form for free advice, fee £2 (Overseas, Colonies, Abroad, Moderate, Elementary or Beginner.

MR. R. BENNETT, (Dept. 2211) 69, Fleet St., LONDON, E.C.4

STOP THOSE MOISES



A child of 5 could fix the "Inductor." Just fix end of lead-in to X terminal and other terminal to aerial socket on set. No soldering, no alteration—it goes outside set. Interference, oscillation, "howls," "pips" and all unwanted noises cease immediately, giving clear mellow tone. All station of note without exception will be improved with one of these. No unless. Lasts for years. Thousands of testimonials received. Price 1/- only, post free. Money back if dissatisfied. Send to-day to

AIRCRAFT PRODUCTS, LTD. (Dept. J.B.) 88, New Oxford Street, London, W.C.1.

ONLY 8/- DOWN

WILL BRING YOU A RILEY BILLIARD TABLE ON 7 DAYS' FREE TRIAL

WRITE FOR FREE ART LIST.

Perfect entertainment for all the family. 8/- DOWN brings immediate delivery of a Riley Home Billiard Table, Carriage Paid, on 7 days' free trial. Pay balance as you play. Write for art list of Riley's Home Billiard Tables and Riley's Combine Billiard and Dining Tables.

Riley's Home Billiard Table resting on ordinary table.

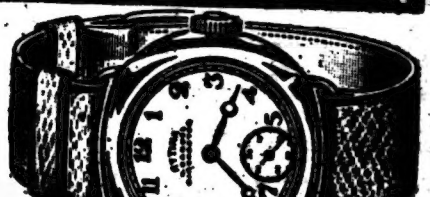
E. J. RILEY LTD., ARSON WORKS, ACCRINGTON, and Dept. 11, 147, Aldersgate Street, London, E.C.1.

IT'S WHAT GOES INTO THE CASE THAT COUNTS!

Remember—it is on the accuracy of the delicate movement inside the case that you depend for life-long service! There is no more convincing testimony than that of millions of his satisfied customers. The reason why H. Samuel is the Empire's largest manufacturing jeweller is that he offers sheer unbeatable value.

When you choose a watch from the vast selection at all prices to be seen at the 90 H. Samuel shops, you choose something extra-especially good inside a quality case that is guaranteed to give you years of faithful service.

See the windows of your nearest H. Samuel shop to-day, or post coupon to Headquarters.



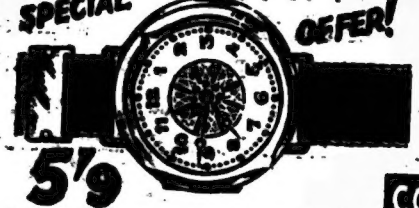
10/6

H. Samuel's fine "RYTIMA."

H. Samuel claims this to be one of the world's finest watches at the price. Its Lever movement is carefully timed and tested. Chromium case. Full Written Warranty. "Rytima" for the pocket, 5/-.

A month's trial is allowed with every H. Samuel Watch

SPECIAL OFFER!



5/9

Smart and reliable Wrist Watch for ladies. Fine chromium case, Moire Wrist band.

H. SAMUEL LTD.
Dept. 190, Market St., MANCHESTER.
GOOD WATCHES-FINE JEWELLERY

POST THIS TO-DAY!

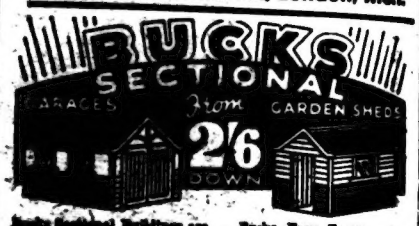
COUPON FOR FREE BOOKS

Post to H. Samuel, Dept. 190, Market Street, Manchester. Please send me the Free Books I have marked with a X.

(1) Book of Watch and Pocket Watches
(2) Book of Lovely Diamond Rings
(3) Book of Clocks, Silverware, Cutlery

NAME .....
ADDRESS .....

BUCKS SECTIONAL



Bucks Sectional Buildings are Britain's best value. Every one is prefabricated and factory-constructed and fitted before delivery. Easily erected by unskilled and any handyman. Immediate delivery on any quantity. Send for Free Catalogue No. 2, to-day!

Bucks Size from—	Easy Terms Cash	Monthly
2/6	£1 11 6	2/6
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Immediate delivery on first payment. Carriage Paid England and Wales or Free Lorry Service.

BUCKS PORTABLE BUILDINGS, Electric Works (Dept. J.B.), Erith Road, Erith, Kent

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Oddments 1d. oz., Floss 1½d., Tweeds 1½d., Crochet 2½d., Brilart 2d., Bernbroo Sports 2½d., Slightly soiled good crochet 3d., Crepelux 4½d., Botany Vest 4d., Silky Angora 4d. ½ oz., Ivory Art Silk 9d. ¼ oz. Bilk. 6 ply Rug 9d., 1/- lb., Colours 1/2d., Castle 1/6½d., Silky Cable 1/7½d., Super Wiltona 1/11½d., Thrums 6½d., Chenille 6½d. Canvas from 3d. yd., Designs from 3½d. each.

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NEWCASTLE ON TYNE

THE EASIEST WAY OF MAKING MONEY!

Supply your district with hundreds of real money bargains lines in: Hosiery, Underwear, Haberdashery, Fancy Goods, Novelties, Watches, Clocks, Ties, Cutlery, Costumes, Furnishings, Creams and Toilet Goods, etc., etc.

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STOP PRESS NEWS. Our name-does not appear on this catalogue. Wholesale prices are on separate detached folder. You can now take orders without divulging your cost prices.

MONEY SIMPLY POURS IN!

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Lth.	Wdth.	Ht.	Cash	Dep.	12 pyts.
10	7	8	£5/-/-	5/-	9/2
12	8	8	£5/17/6	6/-	10/9
14	8	8	£6/17/6	7/-	12/6

THAMES UTILITY BUILDINGS 7, West Street, Erith, Kent. (Opposite Barclays Bank Ltd.) (Estd. 25 years) 'Phone: Erith 1870.

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A FREE BOOK That shows how YOU can MAKE MONEY

WRITE FOR IT AT ONCE! NO OBLIGATION.

New ADANA High-Speed 1936 Automatic Printing Machine

constructed on sound engineering lines, with Standard Printers' Type and all Accessories also Fully Illustrated Instruction Book, ready to start making money easily right away for a

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BETTER THAN EVER—SEND TO ME NOW—TESTIMONIALS ARRIVING DAILY FROM PURCHASERS OF MY IMPROVED LAYETTE

Modern Short Lengths or usual Long Clothes

SEND 2/- FOR PARCEL ON APPROVAL. Bal. Cash or Terms. Mrs. J. B. HOWARD, 66, Dover Road, Portsmouth.

"Baby in each gorgeous clothes."

BANISH THE TORTURE OF "NERVES"

Every sufferer from "nerves" should get my absorbingly interesting book describing an inexpensive home-treatment for Weak Nerves, Depression, Morbid Fears, Insomnia, Self-Consciousness, and similar nervous disorders. Sent free in sealed envelope. Write now and you will be delighted to learn how easily you can conquer your nerves fears!

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"It is really marvellous how my fears have all vanished—they were so firmly established and of such a dreadful nature."

"Since taking this course I have never looked back. I could thrill with the sheer joy of living."

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650 Page Coloured Club Catalogue

THOUSANDS OF GRAND BARGAINS

20/- Value for 15/- Saving you 5/- in the £.

SEND THIS COUPON IN AN ENVELOPE WITH STAMPED ADDRESSED ENVELOPE

THE CITY & PROVINCIAL STORES LTD. (Dept. S.S.) P.O. Box 62, Hamburg, 10.

Name .....
Address .....

THORNS BARGAINS

Sent on first Payment. Thorn's Buildings are made to accurately fitting sections with "Stronguet" steel-framed corners, easy to bolt together. All wood planed smooth, ornamental gables, roofing felt. On fullest approval at Bargain prices.

Send NOW for FREE Catalogue No. 45 T.

SPARE ROOF GARDEN SHEDS

Long	Wide	High	Cash	Deposit	Monthly
6ft.	4ft.	6ft.	63/-	3/6	3/6
7ft.	5ft.	6ft.	82/-	3/6	4/6
8ft.	6ft.	6ft.	97/6	4/6	5/6
10ft.	6ft.	6ft.	110/-	4/6	6/6
12ft.	7ft.	6ft.	135/-	5/6	7/6

Delivered Free ex Carr. Pd. Eng. & Wales.

J. THORN & SONS, LTD. BERKHAMSTED, HERTS.

RUGS GIVEN AWAY!

This Phenomenal Offer is made to "John Bull" readers. On receipt of P.O. 9/-, carriage 1/- extra, we will forward Direct from our looms etc., to you our "Fashionite" Reversible REAL SEAMLESS WOVEN CARPETS. Suitable for Drawing, Dining and Bedroom, etc., hand-somely reversible in 30 Turkey patterns and fashionable shades of Crimson, Green, Blue, Brown, Rose and Art Colourings, to suit all requirements, and large enough to cover any ordinary sized room. They are made of material equal to wool, and being a speciality of our own mills only to be obtained direct from our Looms, saving purchaser all middle profits. Guaranteed genuine bargains. Money refunded if not approved. Thousands of Repeat Orders and unsolicited testimonials. With every carpet we absolutely give away a hand-some rug to match. SPECIAL OFFER: 2 Carpets 2 Rugs and 2 Doormats for 59/-. Carr. paid. Cash or C.O.D. Illustrated Bargain Catalogue of Carpets, Bedding, etc., post free.

9/-

F. HODGSON & SONS (J.B.), Woodsley Rd., Leeds.

YOURS for 3d DEPOSIT

2 GNS VALUE FOR 16/-

Introducing the new Ahrend Oxford Stemwinder Watch. A handsome and reliable watch which is going to become a firm favourite. Dress Lever Movement in hand-some chrome case with plain silvered dial. Strong bracelet to stainless chro-mium-plated screw bracelet. Fully tested for accuracy, 10 years' warranty. Send for 3d. deposit and 3d. part post (3d. P.O. is all, no stamps) and 1/9 fortnightly until 17/6 is paid in all. Cash price 16/-. Ladies' dainty model, same price and terms. Also superior Medal Watch, unbreakable glass, cannot be overwound, 22/6 same terms.

AIRCRAFT PRODUCTS, Ltd. (Dept. G.6.J.22), 89, New Oxford Street, London, W.C.1

DON'T WEAR DRAINPIPES

SEMI-OXFORD 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33 or 34 bottoms.

FLANNELS

Waist 26 to 46. Leg 25 to 34. Silver, Med. or Dark Grey. Well cut and made from tested Flannel, with belt loops, side straps, front cash pocket, usual side pockets and but-tone inside; per-manent "turn-ups." Please state waist, inside leg and width bottom required.

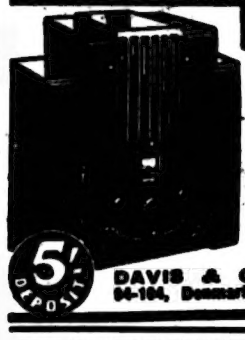
5/- Post 6d. or C.O.D.

2 pairs 10/6 post paid ONLY TO PURCHASERS OF FLANNEL TROUSERS

St. Margaret's Woollen Slipover in Blue, Maroon, Grey, White **1/6**

Mail Order Dept., 130-134, Heath Rd., TWICKENHAM, also 10, Canada Path Parade, Edgware, & 146, High Street, Staines.

YOURS for 5/- £7 7 0 VALUE FOR £4 19 6



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Special offer of G.E.C. 5-Valve All-Electric Re-ceivers. Universal A.C. and D.C. Exceptional Tonal Quality and Power. Good range and flexibility of operation. Moving coil Speaker. Illum. Tuning. Osram Valves. Beauti-fully designed Cabinet. 12 months' Guarantee. Cash £4.19.6 or 5/- Deposit and Balance Monthly. Apply at once while stock lasts.

DAVIS & CO. (Dept. J.B. 104) 94-104, Denmark Hill, London, S.E.5

Just the Thing for Spring

Smart Tailor Made Coat-cum-Skirt

A coat of smooth shapeliness, tailor made in fashion's latest style of Woollen Yarn Dyed Cloth. Full length, scientifically cut and beautifully finished by hand, lined throughout in rich art silk. Honestly worth 2 gns. Shades: Cocoa, Fawn and Grey. Lininge to tone. Sizes: S.S.W., S.W., W., 40, 42, 44, 46, 48, 50, 18/11. WX, 1X44, 19/11; O.S., 1X, 46, 48, 50, 21/6. Post 6d. extra, or C.O.D. FREE TO "JOHN BULL" READERS: Daisy Flower Spray Trimming in velvet, value 3/11. Send to the actual manufacturers and specialists and save big shop profits. Money back willingly if this wonderful bargain fails to please.

KAY GEE MFG. COMPANY, 205, Ley Street, Ilford, Essex.

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BY ALL THE MOST FAMOUS MAKERS

From 1/- WEEKLY

SONELLI, STELDENI, SISMINO, PANCOTTI, HONNER, CRUCIANELLI, PAOLO SOPRANI, ETC., ETC. USED AND RECOMMENDED BY BAND LEADERS ALL OVER THE COUNTRY. Here we offer a very wonderful Bargain. £5-5-0 MODEL FOR 47/6. Real Piano Accordions at specially reduced prices. Piano-finished cabinet tonal reeds, metal-bound bellows, triple chord action. Complete with shoulder strap. 21 piano keys, 8 basses. Cash price 47/6, or sent on receipt of 2/6 First Instalment, Balance payable 4/- monthly until 52/6 is paid. Elaborate Tutor supplied. Other cheaper model accordions from 28/6. Write for fully illustrated list of models with 25 keys, 12 bass; 25 keys, 24 bass; 34 keys, 48 bass; 41 keys, 120 bass; etc., on equally attractive terms. The remarkable Low Terms for Monthly Payments ensure the immediate popularity of these fine instruments. Write for fully illustrated List of Piano Accordions post free.

J. A. DAVIS & CO. (Dept. J.B.50), 94-104, Denmark Hill, London, S.E.5.

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Fix this LIQUID SOAP CONTAINER

This is the latest improved and quite handsome "Liquid Soap Container" (NOT a gadget). Pays for itself in saved soap in a couple of weeks. Absolutely Hygienic. No wet, messy heaps of soap lying round to gather dust and dirt—one flip of the plunger (B) and the valve releases just the right amount of liquid soap every time. Its great advan-tages speak for them-selves on sight.

Each Liquid Soap Container is packed in a box, including a generous bottle of Eau-de-Cologne Liquid Soap ready for use—with full instructions. **2/3** POST & PKG 6d. EXTRA.

R. PRIMO & CO., Dept. J.B.1, 212, Aigburth Road, Liverpool, 17.

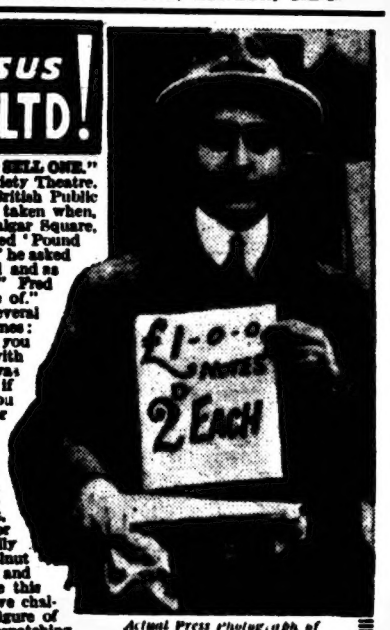
RECORD 'XL' BARGAIN BALE

20/- Complete Bale. Carr. Paid. Cash or C.O.D

Special to "John Bull" readers. Most Marvellous Value ever offered. Read the Guaranteed Content:—2 Heavy Yorkshire White Raised Blankets, full size 80 x 60. 1 Heavy Coloured Striped Blanket 84 x 72. 2 Yorks. White Raised Blankets, soft, warm, durable, 82 x 70. 1 Splendid Alhambra or Honeycomb Quilt, 90 x 70 (White or Coloured). 1 White Damask Tablecloth, 52 x 52, coloured borders, Gold, Blue & Pink. 1 Beautiful Bedspread, Blue, Crimson, Olive, etc., on Jaspe grounds. Centre design edged Art. Silk Embroidery, 60 x 50. 1 Fancy Coloured Table Cover, 36 x 36. 1 Handsome Stained Wooden Cake or Fruit Dish, size 11½ ins. 1 Ladies' Full Size Overall or Blouse. 3 White Pillow Cases, Coloured Embroidery, Pink, Blue, Gold, 29 x 1½. *Write for Bargain Catalogue of Carpets, Bedding, etc., post free.*

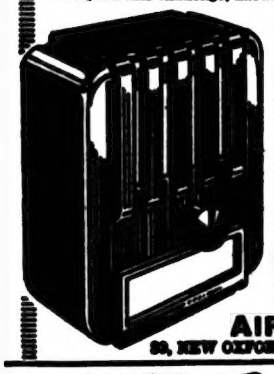
F. HODGSON & SONS (J.B.), Woodsley Road, LEEDS

FRED BARNES versus AIRCRAFT PRODUCTS LTD!



Actual Press photograph of Fred Barnes, 1930.

"POUND NOTES FOR TWOPENCE AND I COULD NOT SELL ONE." This discussion took place behind the scenes of a Variety Theatre. "I can assure you," said Fred Barnes, "that the British Public are most sceptical. You know, this photograph was taken when, not so many years ago, for a wager, I stood in Trafalgar Square, with a tray of one pound notes and ticket which stated 'Pound Notes, 2d. each.' How many do you suppose I sold?" he asked our Managing Director. "I should say all you had and as much money as there is in the Bank of England." Fred Barnes: "Not one solitary pound could I dispose of." Managing Director: "Not one single pound? Surely several must have obtained one, out of curiosity." Fred Barnes: "No, they simply smiled cynically and passed on. Do you know if you made such a startling offer it would meet with the same fate. In fact," said Mr. Fred Barnes, as he was tuning in a small bijou walnut finished Wireless Set, "if you were to offer this Radio for 3/9 I don't suppose you would have any enquiries." Our Managing Director accepted this challenge, knowing that the name of Air-craft Products, Ltd., would stand him in good stead. Illustrated is the subject of the challenge. A perfectly finished tech-nically accurate Radio Set, complete with interior components, in beautifully cabinet finished case of walnut or ebony moulding. You and every reader will receive this set in answer to the above chal-lenge for the ridiculous figure of 3/9 and a mere 2d. for despatching purposes. Send a postal order for 4/-, nothing more to pay, and without any further obligation, this practical Radio Set will arrive in a few days. Come along, let us show Mr. Fred Barnes, the world famous light comedian, how trust-worthy and believing the British Public are for a straight-forward offer from an established leading mail order house. Your money refunded immediately under this paper's guarantee if dissatisfied.



AIRCRAFT PRODUCTS LTD. (Dept. JWB.1), 89, NEW OXFORD STREET, LONDON, W.C.1. (1 Minute Tottenham Court Road Tube.)

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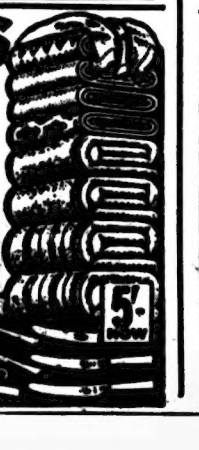

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OR FAVOUR

JOHN BULL

The electricity chiefs have a new shock on the way for consumers—at a cost of perhaps £10 or £20 a time!

All-Electric Fools Day

A NEW—and official—racket on household users of electricity comes into operation on April 1.

It goes by the name of Electricity Supply Regulations, 1934. Its sponsors, the Electricity Commissioners, signed these regulations in 1933; so they have waited some time before foisting them on the public.

But, in finally choosing April 1 as the date of operation, someone in the Department must have had a sense of the appropriate.

We have no complaint against the *purpose* of these new regulations. As their title puts it, they are "for securing the safety of the public and ensuring a proper and sufficient supply of electrical energy."

But we have a lot of complaint about some of their immediate *effects*.

☆ ★ ☆

For if their beneficent purpose is ever attained it will be only at the cost of the public. As soon as the regulations come into effect hundreds of thousands of householders, chiefly the "small consumers," will find themselves both poorer in pocket and in peace of mind.

Here, in brief, is what householders have got "coming to them" on and after April the First.

On that day every electric supply undertaking in the country will have the *right* to inspect the house wiring of all consumers in its area; to demand that any deficiencies are put right within a specified time, and to cut off the supply if this is not done.

Let us say at once that there are some very desirable and praiseworthy points about *some* of these new powers conferred upon the supply undertakings.

Every year there are numerous domestic fatalities and disasters which have been directly caused by house wiring which is shoddy or inadequate by reason of age or the pressure put upon it.

Almost every week you may read, in the newspaper reports of house fires, that "the outbreak was believed to be due to an electric wire 'fusing' and igniting adjacent woodwork." The annual loss in money due to fires caused by defective electrical circuits in dwelling-houses is enormous—as Lloyd's and the various fire offices well know.

More terrible and tragic is the loss in human life. Last year four people a day perished in fires in Great Britain, and a large proportion of those tragedies could be traced to faulty electric wiring.

A few months ago five women died at a doctor's house in Wimpole Street, W. In the enquiry which followed the tragedy, the experts ascribed it to a leak in an electric light cable—continual "sparking" from the leak had at last penetrated a gas pipe which ran alongside the defective cable.

There were some strong remarks made at that enquiry about "out-of-date systems of installation" which are common in many houses of the pre-war type.

Again, great public inconvenience is continually being caused by isolated examples of bad wiring. The "black-out" of a tenement building, a block of flats or even of a whole street can frequently be traced to bad wiring on the premises of a single consumer.

There can be no two minds, therefore, about the desirability of inspection and overhaul of all consumers' electric installations. But, in our view, the means to be taken in the new regulations will defeat that end.

☆ ★ ☆

The first and worst provision is that if the undertaking's inspectors find a faulty installation in a house *it is the consumer who has to pay for making it good.* The only exception to this rule is if the supply undertaking has itself put in the installation.

There is an obvious injustice here. And if the class of people who will be affected are considered, we believe it is an injustice big and wide enough to wreck the new regulations.

About one million homes will be vitally affected. This figure represents the balance of the 2,805,000 houses erected since 1919 where the installation has not been carried out by local authorities or under "assisted wiring schemes" by the suppliers. In both these cases it can be assumed that the wiring has been carried out in such a way as to pass any tests.

But most of that odd million will be "for it." And who are they? Tens of thousands of them are living in houses run up at the worst period of the building boom.

The jerry-builder who has skimped and cut on bricks and mortar is not likely to have been lavish on the electric installation. He has sub-contracted the electrical work out at the cheapest rates (we know cases where "jerry-built" electrical work has been done at 3s. 6d. to 5s. a point) and just scraped past the standing regulations.

All these houses are "suspect," and it is the unlucky occupier who will be asked to foot a bill of perhaps £10 or £20 for the re-wiring of his home—not the jerry-builder or the landlord.

Besides this million there will be a large proportion of "suspects" among the 500,000 people listed as using electricity in 1919.

These consumers occupied pre-war premises, and tens of thousands of them are now let out in flats, especially in the big towns. The tenants of these flats will be expected to pay for making good an electric system installed by landlords twenty years or more ago.

Does such a ruling make sense? Of course it does not. And the rest of this April the First scheme makes even less sense. The more we examine it the more impossible does it seem that the regulations, good as parts of them are, can ever be carried into effect.

For instance, it is laid down that, if a consumer fails, or refuses, to obey a notice served by the supply company to make good his installation, then the company must cut off the supply; and may be fined £10 a day if it does not do so.

So, if a consumer refuses to spend the money the company is faced with either losing a customer or a daily fine of £10. The companies are not likely to shoulder re-wiring bills themselves.

Their way out seems to be to turn a blind eye on the new regulations. If they make no inspections (and they are not compelled to), then they will find no trouble, lose no consumers.

☆ ★ ☆

In any case the threat of a £10 fine seems farcical, because 60 per cent. of the supply companies are owned by local authorities, and it is an axiom of local government law that you can neither fine a Town Council nor put it in jail for non-payment of a fine.

In devising these new regulations the Electricity Commissioners no doubt meant well, and we repeat that we have nothing but praise for the object they had in view.

But we believe that the means devised to achieve that object are totally unworkable and that, if they *did* work, then a rank injustice would be inflicted on tens of thousands of people.

So the last thing we can say about this new scheme was also the first—All Fools' Day is a good day to begin it!

Hannen Swaffer's Open Letter to Mr. Douglas Hacking

I Wouldn't Like Your Job!

DEAR DOUGLAS ——KING,—I suppose I ——ngratulate you up——ng been made Chairn—— the Conservative Part—— ganisation. Although it is not a job which I would like myself, I suppose somebody has to do it.

Anyway, you are one of the best-looking Members of Parliament, and that will go down well with the Primrose League dames and even please their butlers and housemaids, who so often join to please their mistresses.

Besides, you are safe.

Your predecessor, Lord Stonehaven, actually said what he thought sometimes, and that is not popular in the Conservative Party. Indeed, Stonehaven occasionally went to the extreme length of talking as though the National Government was a Tory outfit.

You, I am sure, will make no mistake of this kind. You will smile at the butlers and the housemaids, and they will continue to vote for that servility for themselves which is the basis of Toryism.

I thought Baldwin was rather indiscreet in the way he thanked Lord Stonehaven for retiring.

"During the time of your chairmanship the organisation of the Central Office has been brought to a high state of efficiency," he said, "and two very remarkable victories have been won for the National Government."

It is nice to know that the Premier tacitly admits that the Simonites did

nothing. We knew that the Ramsayites did worse.

No, I should not like your job. Whenever a National Liberal dares to suggest that he should stand for an historic Liberal seat you will have to persuade him that Toryism is just the same, and that, therefore, a Tory should have the job. Whenever Ramsay dares to imagine that he has a following you will have to slip a Tory by him, so that he swallows yet another pill with that complacency which has now become his habit of mind and speech.

I wonder if you will go on sticking up Prosperity posters all over the country, as did your predecessor? I see that, admitting tacitly now that they were all wrong, the Government has just scheduled as distressed areas both Glasgow, the second city of the Empire, and Liverpool, once the greatest port in the world!

Mind you, I do not advise you to be careful about the election literature for which you will have to be responsible. Care has never been used when Tories prepared it.

The worse the bunk the more the public swallowed it. You must think of some more bunk.

Your predecessor, in his 1935 election dope, sent out a handbill accusing me of calling Armistice Day "our annual mockery of the dead." I hope you will use this again next time—it is still true.

Is it not a mockery that, since the last war to end war, this country has spent £2,000,000,000 on maintaining our defensive services, and that to-day this country is planning more defences of all kinds.

You have held eight Government offices in fourteen years, which must be nearly a record, and yet I doubt if, outside your own constituency of Chorley, the public generally has ever heard of you.

Do not be disheartened when I say this. Your predecessor, Lord Stonehaven, was Governor-General of Australia, and yet I doubt if anybody remembers it.

One of your most tricky problems is little Randolph. Within about a year he has fought Wavertree as an anti-Conservative Tory, fighting the local machine; Norwood as an insurgent Tory fighting the Conservative, who, in a few months, was to become his brother-in-law; another Liverpool seat, where he suddenly became an orthodox Tory, to the dismay of local election literature already prepared against him; and Ross and Cromarty, where he was so stalwart a Tory that, once again, he fought the Tory machine.

That is what I call being a Tory.

But you have in front of you, my dear Douglas Hacking, worse trouble than young Randolph.

The Robert Boothbys and the Capt. Macmillans and the young Tories from the distressed areas are still very, very restive. They see around them poverty and despair. Although they have no remedy for it, their sympathy wells over.

Machines must build, not crush—and yours kept going by the vested interests, is one of the most powerful in the land.

Hannen Swaffer

STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER

THE King's comments on the slums, dear rent and meagre relief scales admirably bear out his broadcast assurance that he is still the same man whom we knew as the Prince of Wales.

As the Prince, he was a persistent enemy of social evils; as King, he is evidently determined to continue the fight.

And his tour of Glasgow should do much to shatter Authority's complacency.

* * *

It is suggested far too often that the slums are vanishing with lightning rapidity, that the disgrace of overcrowding will soon be a thing of the past.

Maybe officialdom thinks it can lull the public into a false satisfaction by such assertions. It is mistaken.

The King's criticisms, his horror at what he saw, his regret that even worse conditions exist in other towns, are a timely reminder of the truth.

* * *

We congratulate those Conservative M.P.s who have once more criticised the tragic failure to deal with the depressed areas. And once more we regret they don't startle the "slag heaps on the Front Bench" into action by voting against them.

* * *

We're not surprised that dearer milk has cost the London Hospital alone an extra £500 a year; what shocks us is that householders have to pay so much for milk when it is still sold at give-away prices for manufacturing purposes.

There's something wrong with the heads as well as the hearts of those responsible.

* * *

We disagree with the suggestion of Mr. Charles Taylor, the young M.P., that drunken motorists "should be suppressed by being treated as criminal lunatics."

No, just treat them as criminals and they'll soon be suppressed.

* * *

It's admitted that 2,273,000 school-children needed dental treatment last year, but only 1,431,000 received it. The others had to endure toothache for the sake of economy.

Things like that give us a pain just under the teeth.

* * *

Idle tongues keep undertakers busy. Yet another woman (this time at Middlesbrough) has been driven to suicide by gossip.

Poison is the murderer's cruellest weapon—and gossip the cruellest form of poison.

* * *

Some authorities seem to itch to take chances with other folk's lives. Nairn proposes to close its fever hospital in six months' time, though epidemics of scarlet fever and diphtheria are still raging in the North.

Only a storm of protest stopped it from being shut three years ago, so we hope there'll be another period of stormy weather in the county.

* * *

A broadcast appeal for animal dispensaries brings in nearly £12,000 and a promise of a further £7,000; a broadcast appeal for an infants' hospital raises less than £200.

Since figures speak plainer than words we need say nothing about that.

* * *

Do you remember the famous picture, "And when did you last see your father?" depicting a boy being questioned? Even to-day counsel are allowed to cross-examine children in an effort to incriminate their parents.

Various townspeople's guilds are protesting—and rightly.

* * *

Lawbreaking is still profitable—for some. A Birkenhead woman who owns her house, has two banking accounts, runs a moneylending business and a "diddlum" club, is fined £20 for falsely drawing £233 in relief.

But the same court gives a month's hard labour to a workless ex-soldier who pawned for three shillings a musical instrument which didn't belong to him.

Would a stipendiary have made the same decisions as this Bench of lay justices?

* * *

Declaring the husband in a divorce case to be the victim of a fraud, Mr. Justice Langton declared that a concern known as the National Vigilance Association requires "very careful investigation."

We made that investigation years ago and warned our readers to boycott the firm. Its leading light, a man named Sansum, is now in jail!

* * *

A fireman's lot is not an easy one. Most are atrociously paid; those at Bolton have to put up with rain which pours into the married men's quarters, soaking bedding and furniture.

When Bolton finishes its new million-pound town hall it might spare a pound or two to repair the firemen's roof.

* * *

Latest to damn the "mushroom" club is Sir Gervais Rentoul, K.C.

Well, all who know the harm done by the easy drinking club—magistrates, the police, M.P.s, social workers and JOHN BULL—have condemned it.

Perhaps in another ten years or so the Home Secretary will hear about it.

* * *

Ten months' work proves Peckham's Pioneer Health Centre to be an astonishing success. Educating people to cherish health while they've got it—instead of waiting till they fall ill and need a doctor—is social service in the highest sense.

But why confine the good work to Peckham?

* * *

Close attention should be paid by the Government to the new "plan for the Highlands," suggested in a book by Mr. Hugh Quigley, economic adviser to the Central Electricity Board.

Briefly, he wants a central authority for marketing, purchasing and the creation of power supply and production schemes.

Regional planning has been very successful in the U.S.A. and Newfoundland. Why should it not bring prosperity to the impoverished highlands of Scotland?

* * *

Pity the widow with six children who gets 32s. 6d. a week relief and pays 22s. 6d. rent. Stratford magistrates, remanding her for attempted suicide, want to know why her allowance is so desperately inadequate.

So does the public.

* * *

Of interest to ex-soldiers is the fact that in the last four years 6,650 disabled men have had their pension reduced and 8,500 have secured an increase.

We are glad to think that our own efforts to get a better deal for many pensioners have not been in vain.

* * *

A well-known actress is lying ill with lead poisoning contracted from lipstick. She's not the only one to have suffered by buying the wrong sort of cosmetic.

In justice to the careful makers, Sir Kingsley Wood should put one of his analysts on the track of the offenders.

* * *

In reference to a recent article criticising the Council of Physical Medicine and the College of Physical Medicine, Ltd., we are informed by Mr. S. J. Bourchier-Hewlett, of Horsham, who was a director of the company, that he resigned his position immediately he realised certain undesirable features about the college scheme.

The London College of Dietetics, of Great Cumberland Place, W.1—of which Dr. Neil Leitch, M.D., is founder and president—also severed all connection with the College of Physical Medicine.

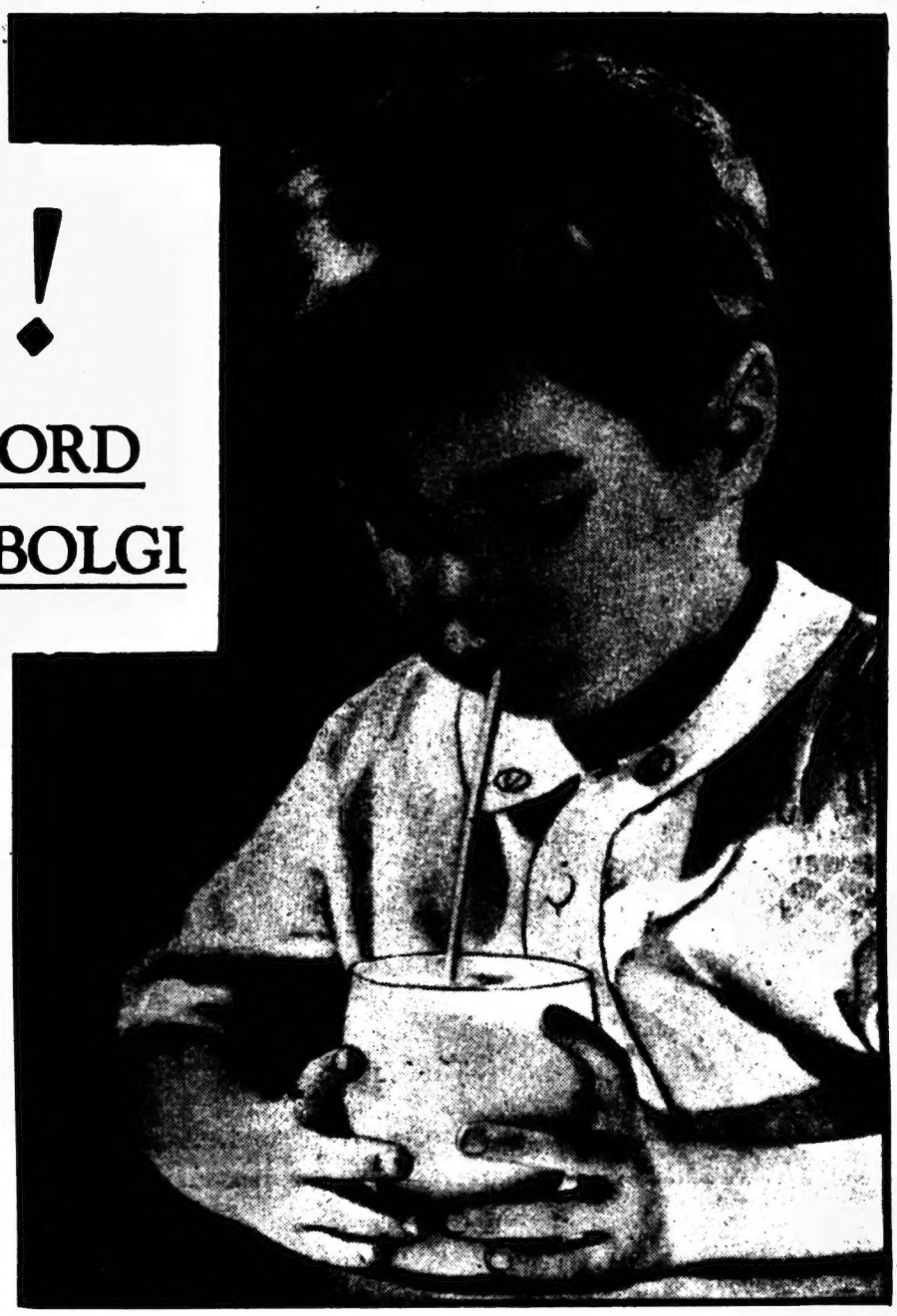
WILHELMINA STITCH

Thousands of our readers will, we are sure, share in our deep regret at the death of Miss Wilhelmina Stitch, whose prose-poems, "The Fragrant Minute," have been so popular a feature every week in JOHN BULL for nearly two years.

Her last contribution to JOHN BULL written only a day or two before she died will be found in page 42.

RUINED at Five!

by LORD STRABOLGI



"The time is long overdue when meals and the daily pint of milk should be provided when the necessity arises. Hundreds of children die yearly because of lack of nourishment"

HOW many people realise that in Britain, the richest country in the world, thousands of little children are dying of slow starvation, and thousands more are growing up weakly, stunted in mind and body, through lack of proper food in their early years?

I was talking recently to an experienced doctor, with a large practice in the East End of London. He told me that 999 out of every 1,000 babies are born perfect. Despite cramped surroundings, sickly parents and every other conceivable disadvantage, nature is so efficient that the average infant is born with every chance of healthy survival.

But hundreds of these babies sicken and die before they are a year old, because of lack of air, lack of sleep and, above all, lack of sufficient food.

The death rate in Britain, taking the country as a whole, rich and poor, hamlets, towns and cities, is 64 per thousand for infants under twelve months old. (The corresponding figure for the Dominion of New Zealand, where the climate is similar, is 37 per thousand, and in South Australia only 32 per thousand.)

But if we take the death rate of young babies in some of our big cities we find it is over 100 per 1,000 and, in some cases, as high as 116 per 1,000.

Of the children who survive their infant ailments, brought on or accentuated by bad conditions and underfeeding, *16 per cent. of those attending the infant schools in this country—that is, children under five—is known to be definitely under-nourished.*

No reserve

These innocents do not die of "starvation," but they are weakly and ailing, and the ordinary infantile ailments such as whooping cough or measles, and the more serious illness of diphtheria, become killing diseases.

The healthy child throws off such illness, with ordinary care and attention, and is none the worse for it; but the poor little under-nourished mites have no reserves of strength, and the death-rate among them from these illnesses is appalling.

The survivors who reach the critical age of five are in many cases of poor physique, their mentality and intelligence is affected, and the results are seen in after-life.

There are certain diseases of childhood which are widespread, but preventable. The two most important are rickets and deficiency anæmia. These two are not fatal, but they weaken the body and affect the after-growth.

A well-known children's physician, Dr. A. G. Hamilton, wrote last year in a famous medical journal that rickets is still the primary cause of ill-health and a high infant mortality, and is a contributory cause of many of the deaths certified as due to measles, whooping cough and diphtheria.

In a recent annual report of the Chief Medical Officer of the Board of Education, it is stated that *87 per cent. of the children of five years old in London elementary schools were found to show signs of past or present rickets.*

Even where the actual disease is not noticed by the medical authorities or school medical officers, the after-effects of under-nourishment are appalling.

I will quote the actual words of Dr. Turner, author of one of the standard works on the treatment of children, who says: "Malnourished children who are below normal height and weight when given extra food grow very fast for a time, but never fully make up the deficiency in height and weight."

It is obvious, therefore, that if this terrible waste of life and health is to be avoided, the necessary steps must be taken from the moment of the child's birth until it is big enough and strong enough to fend for itself.

I was talking recently to the school medical officer of a large English county. He said that one of the difficulties is that there is often no *visible* evidence of a falling-off in the health of the children.

Inevitable fate

Under the present regulations he is allowed to certify a child for extra feeding and special medical care if it shows definite signs of semi-starvation. But he told me that he knew many of the children under his observation were not getting enough to eat, which meant that the foundations of their health were being badly laid in childhood, and they would never be able to make up the lost ground.

When I expressed my alarm about the future, he assured me emphatically that these children would not be able to stand up to the wear and tear of modern life, and that in the case of many of them tuberculosis would inevitably take its deadly toll.

It is true that in certain parts of the country cheap milk is being provided for school-children, and some free meals where the need for them is proved; but up to last year only 190 out of 316 local education authorities were providing free meals for hungry children. Over the whole country only 4 per cent. of the children attending school was getting the benefit of free meals.

The plain, brutal fact—and it is borne out by the reports of medical inspectors of schools and officers of health from many widely separated parts of the country—is that a large proportion of the child population, the citizens of the future, on whom everything depends, is growing up in unhealthy conditions, due principally to under-feeding, and also to bad living conditions and overcrowding, all of which are a disgrace to a rich and civilised country.

Army example

The doctors carry on with their ceaseless struggle against disease; but they are like an army fighting without weapons.

The teachers have the same difficulty. Education is free—and I maintain that the time is long overdue when meals, and the daily pint of milk, should be provided free at school, no matter how big the family of children, whenever the necessity arises.

I could quote other startling facts from the reports these doctors make. They all tell the same sad story.

We can judge a little as to what is going to happen, unless the matter is tackled in right earnest, by the present experience of the military authorities. It was revealed at the beginning of this year that 52 per cent. of the young men who try to enlist in the Army is rejected on physical grounds; yet the height limit for His Majesty's soldiers has been lowered, and is now only 5 feet 2 inches. A healthy and, therefore, a happy population does not, fortunately, depend on the desire for strong soldiers; but these figures are significant.

We are storing up a terrible heritage for ourselves as a nation, and we shall have to pay dearly in the future on poor relief, hospitals, asylums, prisons, and lost time at work through sickness.

What are the remedies?

The most important is more milk: pure milk, and therefore tested milk. The pregnant mothers need it, the babies need it, and the young children need it. It is as necessary as water.

Wellington was once asked what was the first need of soldiers. "Boots," was the reply.

"And the second most important need?"

"Boots," answered the General, "and they are the third most important need also."

Applied to Britain's babies, the first, second and third most important need is—milk.

There is no difficulty about the milk supply; no shortage. Indeed, milk production in this country is so great that much of it is "surplus," and is used for manufacturing buttons and other fancy goods made from artificial horn, which is fabricated from milk. And one of our luxury hotels in London is advertising milk baths, at £2 a time, administered in an exotic "beauty salon," to soothe tired nerves and improve the skin!

We are constantly promised more maternity centres by the Ministry of Health, and more infant welfare centres; and the need for these is great. But they cannot function properly unless milk and other suitable food supplies are available, free and in sufficient quantities, so that no child, of whatever age, is under-nourished.

The test of a hungry child is whether it will take food if it is offered; this is far too serious a question for the red tape and petty restrictions and regulations in force at present.

No excuse

It is common knowledge that milk is wasted, destroyed, or its production artificially restricted on the one hand, while on the other a large section of the citizens of the future is suffering cruelly for the lack of it.

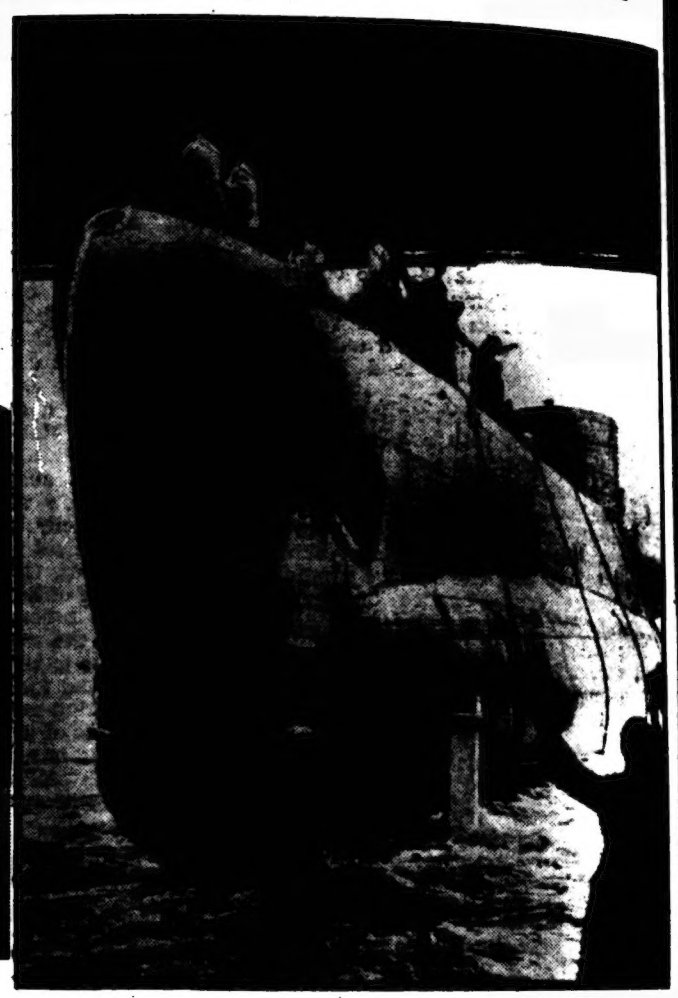
Children need butter, cod-liver oil, fresh fruit and vegetables as well as milk; and there is no reason why, in this age of scientific production, they should be denied them.

The Government can control food soon enough if a war breaks out; a man is fined if he doesn't give his horse or dog enough to eat; and all the time this horrible menace of slow starvation hangs over the heads of hundreds of thousands of poor mothers who try to feed their families on two or three shillings per head per week.

The Government must act; and we all of us have a grave responsibility in this matter.

WAR IS OUT OF

£4 a head for the merchandise of Death—fifteen millions more for the Air Force . . .



. . . ten millions more for the Navy . . .

by A. G. Gardiner

EUROPE is a volcano, and never since the war were its rumblings more ominous than now. Hitler's sensational stroke last week-end has floodlit our Armaments question, and it is necessary to see the question as coolly as we can in relation to it.

Hitler, as it were, brings an olive branch in one hand and a bomb in the other, and it is not surprising that there is doubt as to which represents his real intentions.

He has denounced the Locarno Treaty: but he has offered to bring Germany back into the League of Nations. He has suddenly burst into the demilitarised zone of the Rhine with his armed troops; but he has offered to enter a non-aggression pact with France and Belgium guaranteeing peace for twenty-five years. He has declared that the Franco-Russian pact is a hostile act directed against Germany; but he offers to join in negotiating an agreement to neutralise the air.

On the face of it, the olive branch has the advantage.

If Germany returns to the League sincerely and in good faith, it is a matter for universal thanksgiving. Until she does return there can be no hope of collective peace—nay more, there is the certainty that the volcano must sooner or later burst into flames and send its stream of lava pouring over the face of Europe.

If there could be the assurance of twenty-five years' peace in the Rhineland, what a sigh of relief would go up from all our hearts. And, finally, if the terror of the air could be lifted from us what a hideous nightmare would disappear from our sky.

But why clothe this vision of reconciliation in such alarming action? Why present Europe with a defiant accomplished fact? Why tear up the Locarno Treaty without a word of warning? Why fill France with panic by the sudden occupation of the demilitarised zone?

It is this unnerving peremptoriness of action that makes the dictators such a menace to European peace and fills every chancellry with suspicions of their motives and fear of their real intentions.

In the light of this tremendous development, the question of our own re-armament assumes a new significance—whether we regard Hitler's stroke as an olive branch or a bombshell. Let us look at the question under this blaze of lightnings from Berlin:—

Ten millions more for the Navy. Nearly six millions more for the Army. Fifteen millions more for the Air Force. The total armaments expenditure for the year raised in one leap by thirty-one millions, from £124,000,000 to approximately £155,000,000.

Nearly £4 a head for every man, woman and child in the country—£4 a head for the merchandise of Death! A total greater than the whole expenditure of the nation for all purposes in the year before the war.

And this is only the beginning.

Other costs

Behind these colossal figures looms the vast, unknown, almost incalculable special expenditure foreshadowed in the White Paper, with its two new battleships, its increase of cruisers to 70, its aircraft carriers, its 250 additional first-line battle-planes, its new Imperial Air Force distributed throughout the world, its additional Army battalions, and its prodigious liabilities for the conversion of industrial production to the production of munitions of war.

In a word, the nation in a time of peace is to be placed on a war footing comparable with that, not of 1914, but of 1915. It is to be armed, not as if the nations were at peace, but as if the guns were already going off and Europe were already in flames.

No reasonable person, I think, can doubt the good faith of the Government in the matter.

With all its faults—and they have been many—the Government has honestly striven to prevent the stampede into competitive armaments.

Treachery

But the attempt has been in vain. The Disarmament Conference is dead. From the shores of the English Channel to the Sea of Japan the nations are arming as they never armed before.

Three great militarist Powers have cast off the mask of peace and thrown down the challenge of war. Japan has set out on the conquest of Asia and trembles on the brink of war with Russia. Italy defies the League and embarks on a piratical invasion of Abyssinia. And over all Central Europe hangs the dark shadow of German rearmament.

What, faced with this grim outlook, should be our policy? If we could isolate ourselves from the world, as America is vainly trying to do, we might lay down our arms, cry "A plague on your quarrels," and act the part of spectators to whatever tragedy is staged.

But we cannot isolate ourselves. We are a part of the world system—by far the most important part. We have responsibilities in China, in India, in Australasia, in Africa—everywhere. We cannot neglect those responsibilities.

If we did we should strike a felon blow, not at ourselves alone, but at the world itself. I believe that the British Commonwealth of Free Nations is the backbone of human society, and that its destruction would leave humanity in irredeemable chaos.

And there is no Party in the country that, called to power, would dream of isolation. The conflict in Abyssinia has shown that. The complaint of Labour in that affair is not that the Government has gone too far. It is that it has not gone far enough. So it was in the case of Japan's attack on China. So it will be if ever—which God forbid—the guns are heard in the Rhineland again. We cannot help ourselves.

I have said nothing about the duty of home defence. I have said nothing because nothing needs to be said. The Government which could neglect that duty, in deference to an amiable dream, would perish—and deserve to perish—at the first blast of danger.

Big questions

What, in the light of these imperious facts, are we to say of the Government's programme? It will be the business of Parliament and the country to examine it with the keenest scrutiny from two points of view—first, that it is adequate without being provocative; second, that

THE QUESTION!

. . . and six millions more for the Army

it is designed to promote the cause of collective peace.

On the first point there is room for pertinent criticism. In regard to the air it will be agreed that equality with Germany, which is a potential enemy, is a sufficient standard without being an excessive standard.

But in regard to the increase of the Navy the question may well be asked: Whom have we in mind in that connection? Certainly not Germany, for, formidable in the air, she is not a rival at sea. And in any case we have agreed upon a naval ratio with her.

It is possible, of course, that the naval proposals are conceived with Japan in mind, just as the air proposals are conceived with Germany in mind. And it is pretty certain, too, that the alarm about Egypt and the situation in the Mediterranean caused by Mussolini's attitude last autumn is reflected in the swollen Naval Estimates. In this respect the increase in cruiser strength may pass muster.

But why two more monster battleships? They surely are provocative, and provocative without wisdom. For the argument of Admiral Richmond against this type of construction has never been met on the technical side, and on the political side the case against is overwhelming.

Most of all will it be necessary for Parliament to scrutinise the scheme for organising industry for war production.

But it is the second point that is the most vital. The case of the Government is that it has been drawn into the armaments race unwillingly by inexorable facts. It claims—and I think it is a just claim—that this country has ever since the war nailed its colours loyally and unfalteringly to the League mast.

Close to League

It has made many mistakes. It consented to a bad peace. It allowed France to bedevil the hopes of that peace with Germany and to raise up the Nemesis of Hitler. It failed to give the League a bold lead in crises like that of the Ruhr occupation and the Japanese invasion of Manchuria.

But I do not think that at any moment since the war this country, no matter what Government has been in power, has swerved from its fidelity to the League and the ideal of a reconciled Europe based on a collective peace and disarmament.

In pursuit of that ideal we have stood outside the armaments race, hoping that our example would be followed. We have surrendered supremacy at sea, and have seen five other nations eclipse us in the air.

No alternative

And at the end of it all we see the race in armaments in full career, with Japan mopping up Asia on the one side, Italy outraging Abyssinia on the other, Germany once more perhaps the most formidable land Power in Europe, Russia sacrificing everything to the development and equipment of an irresistible army, and the League fighting desperately to keep the flag of peace flying.

And seeing this—seeing, too, the fate that is befalling the defenceless in China and Abyssinia—the Government says, "Disarmament has failed. Moral gestures have failed.

"If the cause of collective peace is to survive, Peace must be armed with the policeman's truncheon. The nations which stand for the League must be able to make the League feared by the law-breakers.

"They must meet the wrongdoer with a weapon not less formidable than his own—so formidable that he will hesitate to gamble on war and will find his interests leading him back to the faith of Geneva."

That, I take it, is the Government's case for the White Paper policy.

I, for one, am not prepared to say that it could do any other. But to implement that policy it is not enough to join in the armaments race. We must suppress our wild men, our Jingoes of the Press and our flamboyant admirals and generals who would rush us into militarism, conscription and war.

And, above all, side by side with the rearmament that is to strengthen our influence in the counsels of Europe, we must take the lead in the causes that will reconcile Europe.

We must insist on the revision of the Versailles Treaty. We must summon again the World Economic Conference whose breakdown was the beginning of the present drift to disaster.

We must revive the pact for demilitarising the air. We must frankly discuss the great question of the "Haves and Have Nots," and make our contribution to its solution by re-establishing "the open door" in our colonies. And we must be prepared for such a reform of the League itself that Germany will have no reasonable ground for standing aloof.

Under the mask

It is on this aspect of the White Paper policy that the Opposition, both Labour and Liberal, have rightly seized. Under the mask of rearmament there is the menace of a revival of sheer militarism.

I do not question the motives of Mr. Baldwin or his Government, but behind them is a powerful body of opinion both in the House and in the Press which is determined to utilise the anxieties of the time to stampede the country into the mood of panic and war and commit us to a policy of naked competition.

Against this sinister combination it is the duty of the Opposition to fight with every weapon at its command.

The resistance should be determined, but discreet. The Opposition must not be manœuvred into the position of refusing necessary rearmament. That would weaken their case with the public, which in the present condition of the world is satisfied that new defensive measures are imperative.

Wisdom

But rearmament should be strictly within the limits of our obligations to the League and of national security, and should be an instrument for promoting the cause of collective peace.

The success of that cause depends not upon armaments, but upon the wisdom with which, being strong, we use all our influence to remove the political estrangements and economic distresses which lie at the root of the world's ailment.

Rearmament alone is not enough. It must go hand in hand with a resolute determination to build up a reconciled Europe on the foundation of Geneva.

Above all, let our answer to Hitler be to make his offer a real olive branch.

NOT FROM THE B.B.C.

BAD language is a habit I deplore,
My adjectives are chaste to a degree;
When my cheek the razor gashes
I confine myself to "dashes,"
For I rarely use a big, big D.

My temper, too, is anything but fierce;
It is, indeed, as dulcet as my verse;
But, in spite of all my meekness,
If I have a little weakness
It's a liking for a comprehensive curse!

Though cursing is unfashionable now,
I feel it's time we went upon a bust
When I look around, observing
Things and persons who're deserving
Of our curses—yet contrive to go uncussed!

With the above rhyme, from "a more than usually gentle reader," was enclosed a newspaper cutting telling of how Dr. Francis Underhill, Dean of Rochester, has discovered in the cathedral archives an ancient record book containing "The Curse of Bishop Ernulf."

This curse, it appears, was pronounced on those who transgressed Church law, and it expressed the pious hope that the offender would be cursed in (among other places) "his nose, in the teeth he bites with, in his lips, in his throat," likewise "in all his interiors, including his stomach and his kidneys."

Coming across such a tasty morsel, one realises how sadly the art of cursing has declined. No modern Bishop could frame such a curse, any more than could a modern punter annoyed by the performance of a dead cert that had proved more dead than certain.

Nor could the victim of a modern Dick Turpin masquerading as an electric lighting company, nor Sir Walter Gilbey when singing a hymn of hate about hats, nor Mussolini, choking with indignation and spaghetti as he broods upon the perfidy of the League of Nations.

Yet it was a countryman of Benito's, the late unlamented Count Cenci, who provided one of the very finest bouts of all-in cursing when his daughter annoyed him and he desired (among other odds and ends) that she should be "encrusted round with leperous stains" and her children "speckled like the toad."

* * *

No such cur-r-ses are nowadays launched at disobedient daughters, because a modern flapper on hearing a few such paternal remarks would probably merely inquire: "What's bitten you, old thing?"

Not only has the practice of cursing fallen into decay, but it is likely to remain there unless we get rid of the cowardly habit of concealing our true thoughts—muttering something such as "Don't worry, old man; any time will do!" when what we yearn to say is—well, f'rinstance:

Decay of Cursing

May curses descend upon Algernon Bloggs,
The blighter who lives down the street!
Let him be cursed when he's running or walking
And when he is silent and when he is talking
And each time he sits down to eat!
May chilblains afflict him and gumboils galore,
May sorrows and duns ever darken his door
And his children grow up to disgrace him—
His sons become crooners, his daughter be wed
To a cove with a permanent cold in the head—
And may 'flu germs eternally chase him!
May his radio fail and his taxes mount up
And Fortune persistently sell him a pup,
And whene'er he makes toast may he burn it!
For all Fate can send him in suff'rings and sorrows
Is fit for a swine who a lawn-mower borrows
And (curse him!) omits to return it!

PARK DRIVE

for pleasure!

5 FOR 2D
10 FOR 4D
15 FOR 6D

PLAIN OR CORK TIP (MILD)

Safe crossing . . . but a Ministry of Transport committee would not allow these children out at all, unless an adult was with them!

It's All TOMMY-ROT!

An Idiotic Streets Proposal

JOHN BULL has this week a suggestion to make to the Minister of Transport. And not so much a suggestion as a *demand*.

We want legislation introduced forthwith which will compel every person in this country on attaining the age of fifty-five to retire to bed for the rest of their lives!

Alternatively, if they *must* appear on the streets for business or personal purposes they must be under the care of a person less than five years of age (because "toddlers" are less "accident prone" than any other class of road user).

Does that sound crazy? Yet compared with a proposition which is at this moment lying on Mr. Hore-Belisha's desk it is the last word in solid, balanced sanity.

☆ ★ ☆

Last year one of those committees beloved of the bureaucrats, full of good works and long words in its title, was appointed jointly by the Board of Education and the Ministry of Transport. It was called (we have to mention it *once*) the Inter-Departmental Committee on Road Safety among School Children.

After deliberating for nine months it has at length produced its report. And what a length and *what* a report!

One of the high spots in the recommendations is that *no child under the age of seven should be allowed upon the streets unless accompanied by an adult.*

The Committee in framing this suggestion has apparently borne well in mind the fact that about one-fifth of the total people killed on the roads of Great Britain are school children of between the ages of five and ten.

So to solve this tragic problem the Committee in its wisdom has decided to class the roads of Britain with picture palaces showing certain types of films. It proposes to protect the children's lives by the same methods used to protect their morals . . . "Children may not be present unless accompanied by an adult."

But if we leave that aspect of the matter for a moment and look at the evidence on which the Committee has based this extraordinary recommendation we shall see how relatively sensible is the suggestion we made in our opening paragraphs.

That evidence is the analyses of road fatalities which are published annually by the Ministry of Transport.

According to the last available figures 648 children between the ages of five and ten were killed on the roads. But in the same period 815 persons between the ages of fifty-five and seventy were killed.

Now infirmity and similar physical conditions have not played any large part in the increase in the fatality figures of persons in the latter category. Only about thirty of the victims were described officially as "generally infirm."

And the circumstances under which both children and middle-aged people met their end were roughly the same in proportion. Both died, as the Ministry's statement tersely puts it, as "pedestrian crossing roadway" or "pedestrian in roadway, not crossing or working."

Reasoning therefore on the same lines as the committee—namely, that the only solution of child slaughter on the roads is to lock them up or permit them out only in the company of persons less "accident prone"—should not the same ruling apply to the "fifty-five-year-olders" who die in greater numbers and from the same causes and conditions?

How, in the name of all unreason, is the committee's proposal to be applied?

Are the tens of thousands of working-class mothers, thousands of them working themselves, to be compelled to give up time from work or household duties to escort their children twice a day to and from school?

And what is to happen *after* school hours?

There are scores of thousands of children who, in this enlightened age of ours, have no other playground but the streets. Can you picture these children "of less than seven years of age" cooped up from 4 p.m. onwards through the long evening hours of summer?

☆ ★ ☆

Can Mr. Hore-Belisha see that picture—or envisage its possibility? We cannot.

It is an appalling state of things when a legislative Committee, after deliberating solemnly for months and having evidence available to them from every possible quarter, can yet think of no other way of abating the evil of the roads than to make virtual prisoners of the nation's children.

It is merely one more example, the worst so far, of the increasing propaganda tendency to place the whole responsibility for the road safety of children on to the parents and on to the children themselves.

That tendency has been apparent throughout all the sittings of the Committee, and we guessed, as long ago as last March, that some such proposal would emerge.

At one of the earliest hearings during that month the Home Office and the Board of Education began to quarrel on the question of which should bear the primary burden of responsibility for protecting children from road dangers. In the end both disavowed all responsibility.

The police appeared to be quite definite about washing their hands of the matter.

In evidence, Mr. H. A. Tripp, Assistant Commissioner of the Metropolitan Police, said, "The growth of new housing estates and schools renders it impossible, having regard to available man-power and pressure of other important duties, for a full measure of protection to be afforded to all schools—even during assembly and departure."

Mr. John Maxwell, Chief Constable of Manchester, said that "applications for assistance to provide constables at school crossings had to be refused." That statement was repeated by the Chief Constable of Staffordshire and other high police officials.

When somebody, thinking of the children in large towns, suggested one way out might be the creation of "play streets"—streets closed to traffic—Lord Trenchard declared that he "was not altogether satisfied about the wisdom of creating play streets." He "thought it a great pity that children should be educated to play in the streets at all."

Mr. Tripp concurred, suggesting that "children should be taken to open spaces," although little evidence was brought forward about the number of these open spaces or how the children were to get there.

The educationists were little more constructive. They suggested that they had done enough by teaching safety-first principles in the schools, and telling children where the crossings were situated and how to use them.

It is a sufficient commentary on this point and on the sincerity of the various officials to grapple justly with the problem that, all the time the Committee has been sitting, local authorities in many places have been trying steadily to reduce the number of crossings and "safety routes" to and from school.

This is especially so in London and the Home Counties. In Croydon, for instance, they are trying to wipe out over sixty of these crossings, the position of which has been drummed into the minds of the children.

So between them all, the local authorities, the police and the educationists, they have managed to push the responsibility for the children's lives on to the parents.

☆ ★ ☆

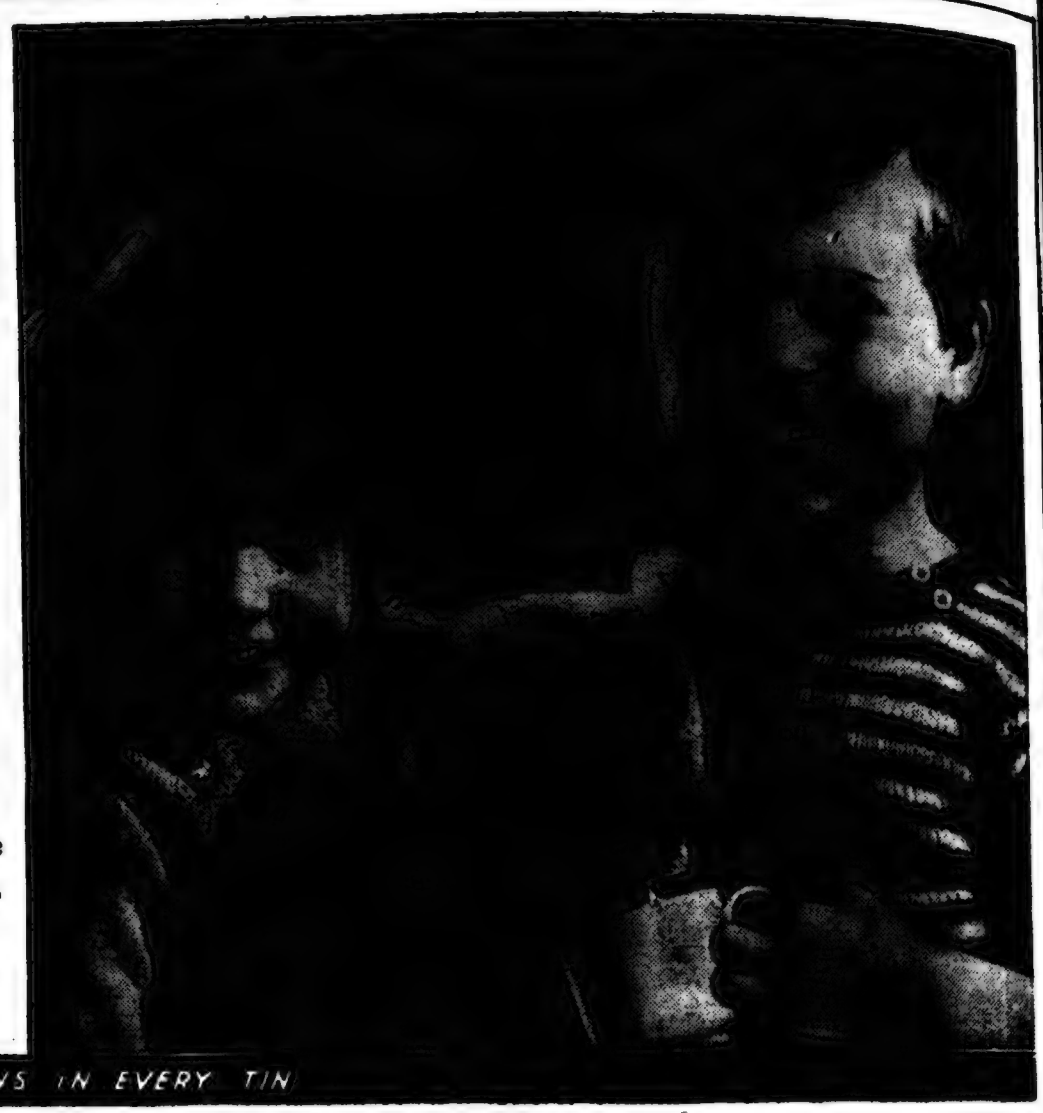
They seem, however, to have forgotten one thing—the so-called "common" rights, the most anciently established Statute of England, under which everybody has rights on the roads "for air and exercise." Children, too, have that right, and it would need an Act of Parliament to take it away.

But it would need more than an Act of Parliament to compel a million working mothers to lock their children in their homes, simply because the nation has been unable to prevent its streets and roads from becoming death traps.

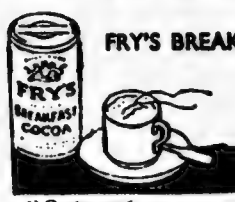
The Committee's suggestion would be laughable were it not tragic. But we wish Mr. Hore-Belisha joy of it. We hope *he* has a good laugh about it—before he gets down to the *real* business of finding a saner plan to end the road slaughter than that of denying our children the Right of the Road.

Mummy says

We're the best advertisement for Fry's Cocoa



She knows that Fry's Cocoa is a wonderful bone and muscle builder—and the children love its delicious chocolatey flavour.



FRY'S BREAKFAST COCOA

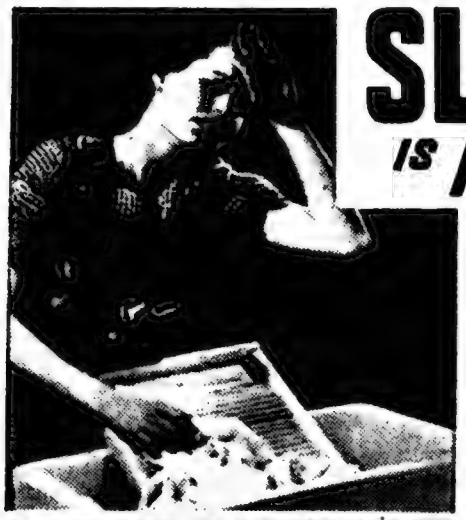
5½d PER ¼ LB. NET WEIGHT

FREE GIFT COUPONS IN EVERY TIN

C.O.260.3336

THIS TIREDNESS THAT MAKES SLAVES OF WOMEN

IS NEURO-PENIA (underfed nerves)



NEVER SEEMS TO GET THROUGH HER WORK. Since her illness last year, this woman has been limp, run-down. Always tired. Fits of depression. Vitality drained away . . . She doesn't know it but, like millions of women, she's a typical case of 'Neuropenia.'

TIRED NERVES STRAINED TO BREAKING-POINT. This girl's nerves are so weakened, she's all jumpy and easily upset. Makes mistakes in her work at the switchboard. Gets impatient with herself and other people. If only she realized! She has 'Neuropenia' in one of its worst and most common forms.

TOO SHY AND AWKWARD TO BE POPULAR. By evening this woman is so tired, she can't sparkle and be popular like her friends. Thousands of women all over the country are in this humiliating position. 'Neuropenia' has stolen away all their attractiveness and self-confidence.

THIS WOMAN HAS FOUND NEW HAPPINESS. Mrs. C. P., London, S.W.12, used to suffer like millions of other women — tired, nervy, awkward in company. But one day a friend told her about Hall's Wine — the tonic that ends 'Neuropenia' (Underfed Nerves). "I could *feel* it pouring new strength into my nerve-cells," writes Mrs. C. P. "No more tiredness, no more worry. I look and feel a fresher and younger woman."

NEUROPENIA EXPLAINED: 3 KINDS OF TIREDNESS

Women get three kinds of tiredness — (1) the aching, heavy kind, (2) the 'jumpy,' nervy kind, and (3) the low, depressed kind. Each of these kinds of tiredness has the same cause: the tiny granules of Nissl that feed your nerves are pale and shrivelled, through illness or overwork. This condition is known as 'Neuropenia' (underfed nerves). Hall's Wine is specially prepared for 'Neuropenia,' from the formula of a well-known doctor. It starts to pour new strength into your weakened nerve-cells within 30 seconds after taking. Within a few days tiredness and depression have disappeared.

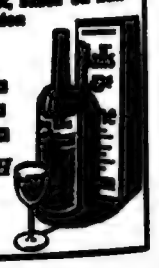
★ All symptoms related above are typical of 'Neuropenia' as shown by the records of a leading medical psychologist, based on hundreds of cases at a London hospital.

WARNING!

Hall's Wine is the only tonic wine specially prepared from a doctor's formula to end 'Neuropenia.' Avoid cheap imitations, made from inferior ingredients. They can't have the right, nerve-building tonic formula; so they won't have the same effect.

HALL'S WINE

GIVES QUICK, NEW STRENGTH



From all Wine Merchants, Licensed Grocers and Chemists. Price everywhere, 5/6. Stephen Smith & Co. Ltd., Bow, London, E.3.

VICAR in a Village Vendetta

A TRULY amazing story of a vicar at variance with his flock comes from Stanton-in-the-Peak, Derbyshire, where a dispute of twenty years' standing is now bringing unhappy results in its train.

It is difficult to sort out the causes which have led to the estrangement, but the fact remains that the religious life of Stanton-in-the-Peak is in jeopardy, and a fine old church is being allowed to fall into decay.

The local population who want to go to church take buses to the churches at Rowsley and Youlgreave, which are villages some miles away.

For a considerable time past only one short Sunday service lasting barely half an hour has been held in the Stanton-in-the-Peak Parish Church.

Divine service at Stanton has, in fact, become a sad affair. There is no organ music, no choral music, and no congregational singing. The latter for the obvious reason that the congregation has dwindled away to three old lady pensioners.

Weeds in the aisle

Rain and snow beat down through the roof of the church, and the wind whistles through the broken windows near the altar, while grass grows up between the flagstones of the centre aisle.

There is no heating in the building, and it is surprising that even the three old lady pensioners continue to brave the elements and attend service, which must be something of a physical ordeal.

Yet the Rev. C. W. Summerfield, who has had the living, which is worth £265 a year, with a comfortable vicarage, since 1913, carries on bravely in face of all discouragement.

A JOHN BULL representative who recently visited the church at Stanton, which is a small village nestling on a steep slope of the Derbyshire hills, confirmed that the building is in a very bad state of repair.

The holes in the roof give a clear view of the sky, the organ loft is in a bad state, there are broken windows, and a chilly atmosphere of dampness and decay hangs over the unused pews and the flagstone floor.

Decaying

Quite recently the vicar asserted that he has taken services when the temperature was below freezing point, and on other occasions when the floor was a sheet of ice.

What a handicap it is that the spirit of Christianity, to say nothing of brotherly and sisterly love, has long since departed, leaving the church an empty and decaying shell!

For a long time the affairs of the parish have grown steadily worse. There are no churchwardens and no church workers, even weddings and funerals are unknown.

The Rev. C. W. Summerfield lives a life of isolation. The services have become somewhat uninspiring, with the worshippers numbering three or four, and the active life of the church has become a distant memory of the days long past, when happy congregations worshipped at Stanton.

In those days there was an organist, a choir, a church council; services were held regularly and were well attended, and the church was a living organisation.

What has happened, then, to bring about the lamentable change? The picture we have drawn of conditions as they exist to-day is in no way exaggerated; yet any explanation seems to have become lost in the years during which this extraordinary situation has been allowed to develop.

The peaceful serenity of this fine old village church has been rudely disturbed by a series of sensational happenings

All we can do in an endeavour to clear up the mystery is to present both sides of the dispute impartially in the hope that the Church authorities will awaken to the need for a full enquiry.

Let the vicar, the Rev. C. W. Summerfield, be heard first.

He confesses that he is completely mystified by everything. Yet there have been most distressing manifestations of ill-will.

"Mysterious attempts have been made to force me to leave," he declares. "Forty-seven attempts have been made to wreck my car, but I have always been warned in the nick of time.

"Night after night I have kept watch from the top room of my house, waiting to catch a glimpse of the wreckers, but I have never yet seen them."

The vicar's children have been attacked; threats have been made to poison a valuable pedigree dog; ominous "warning" cards have been found pinned to trees in the vicarage grounds; there have been threats to the effect that one of his sons would be kidnapped.

Huge boulders have been placed deliberately across the narrow lanes at night in places normally passed by cars approaching the vicarage.

"When I first came," declared the vicar recently, "it was said: 'He is not our kind. We will make it hot for him. He will soon be glad to go.' But I am still here and intend to continue."

Now let us consider some of the laments voiced by certain parishioners.

Typical of the unpleasantness and bitterness which exist is the affair of the Roll of Honour. At one time this record of those good men of Stanton who fell in the war hung in the church porch. It had been framed by a cripple in the village, and relatives would adorn it with flowers.

Then came a day when the roll of honour was removed, and in spite of the righteous indignation of the villagers it has never been put back.

The organist left the church, then the choir disappeared and later the congregation dwindled to such an extent that only one service was held on Sundays, with the congregation, as we have said, numbering three!

Last month references to the sad and unhappy state of affairs at Stanton Parish Church were made at a Consistory Court held at Winster by Mr. H. B. Vaisey, K.C., Chancellor for the Diocese of Derby.

Service for one

Among other things it was stated that, apart from the service held on Sunday mornings, there was a week-day service on Wednesday, attended by only one person besides the incumbent!

The patron of the livings at Stanton-in-the-Peak and Birchover petitioned the Consistory Court through her solicitor for a faculty to remove the organ from Stanton Church to the works of a firm of organ builders for safe custody.

The instrument, once regarded as one of the finest in the district, has been found to be "tumbling to pieces."

Evidence was given that the organ chamber floor was definitely unsafe, and there was a danger of it giving way under the enormous weight of the organ, in which event the instrument might be completely wrecked.

Letters were written to the vicar about this matter, but no replies were ever received.

Later he suggested that someone had broken into the organ chamber, but on investigation it was found that in the absence of any reply from the vicar the organ builders had simply used a duplicate key which they possessed.

Unfortunate

The Chancellor of the Consistory Court then stated that he had been in Stanton Church that morning and added: "It is not for me to say more than I can help about the unfortunate state of affairs at Stanton. It seems to be that the vicar and his people don't get on.

"It was most regrettable to find a parish without churchwardens or parochial church council, and if he had stated anything which seemed less than fair to the vicar, he had only himself to thank, because the vicar had been specially cited to appear before him, and he did not choose to come."

At the end of the hearing the Chancellor granted a faculty for the removal of the organ from Stanton Church.

It is surely a lamentable thing that the peaceful serenity of a once flourishing parish should be disturbed by happenings of the kind here described.

It is not our intention to apportion the blame for this unhappy state of affairs, and our readers will agree that this unhappy affair should be probed fully by the Church authorities.

Now or Never for "HANDY MAN"

IT is now or never if you wish to secure the world's greatest book for the home, and one of the most wonderful of all JOHN BULL Presentations—"The Handy Man and Home Mechanic."

The final reservation forms appear on pages 4 and 5 of this issue, and all applications must be received by not later than first post Saturday, March 21.

Hurry for this volume of practical information. It will enable you to improve and protect your property, to enjoy new hobbies, and make and repair thousands of things with your own hands.

It is new, and compiled by experts; never before has such a one-volume work as this been offered to the public. There are 672 pages and over 800 "how-to-do-it" drawings, diagrams and photographs. Here is a book that will save hundreds of pounds through the years. It comes at the very moment when it is most needed—the Spring.

The thoughts of all home lovers are directed to improvements and innovations in house and garden, and the "Handy Man" shows how these ambitions can be achieved with the minimum of expense.

Every wife should make sure that her husband secures this volume. It will give him new interests and pastimes.

No elaborate outfit is needed—just the ordinary tools that will be found in the average household.

This work would be a bargain at £1 1s., yet it is offered to JOHN BULL readers *at the amazing Presentation price of 2s. 9d., plus 1s., which includes the cost of carriage, packing and insurance, etc.*

A special feature of this offer is that with each copy of "The Handy Man and Home Mechanic" there will be sent *free* a portfolio containing seven large-size prints of working drawings, including span-roof greenhouse, garage, radio cabinet, kitchen dresser, plant stand, useful kitchen fitments such as clothes-horse, scullery table, food safe, draining board, plate rack and airing rack.

But hurry! Such an opportunity as this may never come your way again. Turn to pages 4 and 5 and reserve your copy of "The Handy Man and Home Mechanic" at once.

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A FREE catalogue that will solve your furnishing problems. Write, mentioning *John Bull*, to JAY'S FURNISHING STORES, 248, Tottenham Court Road, W.C.1, and a free catalogue, crammed full of bargains, which can be obtained on easy payment terms, will come by return; or fill in the coupon on p. 37.

Eightpence only

. . . that's a reasonable price to pay for a Shag that's so good as "Digger" . . . you couldn't wish for a finer Empire Grown Tobacco . . . no wonder it has the biggest sale of any Tobacco in the Country!

PLAYER'S DIGGER SHAG 8D PER OZ.

Issued by The Imperial Tobacco Company (of Great Britain and Ireland), Ltd. R D. 34.

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A GENUINE G.E.C. 3-valve All-Electric Receiver (Universal A.C. and D.C.) for 5/- deposit. Here's your chance to possess a good Radio Set on the easiest of terms. You'll find it illustrated in *John Bull's* "Shop Window," top of page 3.

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SLEEP.—Having entirely freed myself from Insomnia after 20 years' torture of sleeplessness, I shall be delighted to tell sufferers of easy home method that never fails. Just send a postcard to: "P.," Desk 3, 29, Eton Ave., London, N.12.

FREE Sample of "Tenasitine" Liquid Glue. Write, mentioning *John Bull*, to Kay Bros., Ltd., St. Petersgate, Stockport. See p. 29.

BOURNEMOUTH, nr. Chines.—Vacancies for few guests in private house. Near shops, buses. Excellent cooking, private sitting-room. Moderate terms. Bd. Res. or Aptmts.—Write, 9, Grosvenor Road, Bournemouth.

FREE: Hundreds of free gifts are set out in the free gift booklet offered by the makers of Rowntree's Cocoa. Send a postcard (postage 1d.) to Dept. C.E.16, Rowntree & Co., Ltd., The Cocoa Works, York, for your free copy.

EXCELLENT health for 1/- a week! This is the cost of Mr. H. Broom's International Physical Culture Course advertised on page 22. Fill in the coupon, which will bring you full details.

FREE.—A generous sample of FEEN-A-MINT, the safe, pleasant chewing laxative, is offered to every reader who sends 1½d. in stamps to White's Laboratories, Ltd. (Dept. S.5), 15, Thames House, Millbank, S.W.1. (See p. 43.)

IF you would like particulars of a home course of Physical Culture which will increase your strength and keep you fit, fill in the coupon on page 41.

FREE.—Pennings' "Every Mother's Book."—Write, mentioning *John Bull*, to Alfred Pennings, Cowes, I.W. This offer appears on p. 44.

NAIL BITING! A real cure at last! Free booklet, sent privately for 1½d. stamp, explains how you can free yourself (or child) of this objectionable, health-endangering habit.—Filtex, Ltd. (Dept. J.B.), 21, Broadway, Crouch End, London, N.8.

VULTURES in the FACTORY

ALTHOUGH it was widely supposed that the Moneylenders Act of 1927 would put an effective curb upon a disgraceful racket, the passing years have shown it to be full of loopholes, of which certain sharks are taking every advantage.

Their newest activities are all the more scandalous because they are battening upon the poorest of the poor, and getting their grip upon victims in homes and factories throughout the land.

Some of the worst complaints reach us from the distressed areas, such as South Shields, Newcastle, and Sunderland, and a JOHN BULL investigator, who has made widespread enquiries in these towns, has discovered that most of them are only too well founded.

Apart from the appallingly excessive rates of interest charged by the moneylenders, there has developed what amounts to an organised system of blackmail.

A millstone

Married women, especially, who have been persuaded to borrow money without the knowledge of their husbands, are too often browbeaten into paying extortionate interest by the moneylender under threats of exposure.

One Newcastle woman, for instance, has paid £25 in interest on a £5 loan; but the debt still remains.

This poor woman, of little education and without the means to put the case in the hands of a solicitor, has been terrorised by the threat that "her husband will be told."

How easy it is for some wives to get into serious difficulty in this way can be gathered from another instance concerning a Gateshead woman.

A few weeks ago, harassed by household cares and worries, she decided, after receiving a threatening note from a moneylender, that she could not face exposure before her husband and friends, and decided to end it all.

Her husband, returning home unexpectedly early because he had been taken ill at work, found his wife with her head in the gas oven. Only his chance return saved her life; and when she had recovered the whole pitiful story came out.

She had been told by a woman tout employed by a moneylender how easy it was to borrow anything from £5 to £25 and pay it back by "easy" instalments.

After considerable hesitation, this Gateshead mother eventually decided to borrow £10 and, up to the time of her attempted suicide, she had repaid £35, although the original debt still remained.

In many of these cases there comes a time when the victim is unable to make the usual weekly or monthly repayments and the interest and the arrears of interest pile up with alarming rapidity. We ourselves have investigated instances which show that interest may soar from 80 to 200 per cent. The amount of interest paid is often fantastic.

Living in the provinces there is a man who had a small business, and when it seemed that he would have to admit defeat and close down, he was persuaded to go to a moneylender who "would help him out of trouble." This loan was a bill of sale for £40 on some furniture and the goodwill of his business.

After a long period of struggling against adversity, this man awoke to the terrible realisation that although he had paid £63 off his loan of £40, he was still in debt to the moneylender to the extent of £411!

In this case the bailiffs were put in, but a good friend arrived who knew something of the law and the best method of dealing with unscrupulous moneylenders. This debt was settled, but the moneylender had to be satisfied with a sum considerably less than the £411 which appeared on his books against the original loan of £40.

So widely has the evil of moneylending in factories spread that directors have taken drastic steps against it, victims being asked to give details in confidence

In a country town there is a small tradesman who in a time of great stress borrowed £12 from a London firm of moneylenders. For this sum he was being charged interest at the rate of £92 a year!

When he had been paying this excessive rate of interest for several months, a friend wrote on his behalf to the moneylender asking for particulars of the debt, which he had every right to do.

The moneylender refused to supply these particulars, and quickly issued a summons against the borrower, with the result that he was ordered to pay thirty shillings a month, which was eventually reduced to twenty shillings.

Although this case had come before the courts, he was still compelled to pay interest at the rate of 92 per cent. a year.

The amount involved in this case is small, but we mention it as further evidence that the Moneylenders Act, which was intended to protect the borrower, has only succeeded in protecting the moneylender, who, most people will agree, is scarcely in need of protection.

There is also the case of another Sunderland woman who borrowed £1, and for four years had paid five shillings a week interest and still owed the original £1.

Chiefly women

We are not suggesting that all moneylenders are tarred with the same brush, and there is no reason to doubt that there are men in this business who act straightforwardly and do not descend to methods of blackmailing extortion; but our immediate concern is to expose the methods of those moneylenders whose methods of business are a menace to poor people.

In the great industrial towns on the North East coast, there are women moneylenders who haunt public-house bars and their victims are chiefly women. The usual interest charged is twopence a week on a shilling, and if five shillings is borrowed on Friday, tenpence interest is due at the end of the week, which happens to be Saturday.

In factories and workshops the moneylender's touts are always at work. At a large factory in the North where hundreds of young women are employed, a number of charge-hands and forewomen act as agents for moneylenders, who remain discreetly in the background.

Recently the evil had spread to such an extent that the directors of the firm have taken drastic action to stamp out the moneylending menace.

Drastic revision

"Our chief difficulty arises from the secrecy with which this moneylending racket is carried on among our employees," said a member of the firm. "It was only by accident that we discovered how many of our women workers have been snared into borrowing money at fantastic rates of interest.

"I have found that some of our girls have borrowed £1 and have paid back as much as £5 and are still paying and paying.

"In several instances these girls have refused to pay, but they weaken when the moneylender's tout, unknown to us, has threatened to 'go to the management about it.'

"The result is that the victim, fearing a complaint to us may mean dismissal, decides to pay and pay and pay."

At this factory the whole scandal is being cleared up and employees who have been victimised by moneylenders are being asked to give particulars in confidence, so that the menace of this widespread character can be dealt with. This is a lead which other employers might well follow.

How insolent are the methods of some moneylenders can be judged from a letter written by one firm in reply to a complaint about extortionate interest.

In this a boast was made of the huge amounts of interest they had been able to obtain even when cases had been taken to the courts.

This in itself surely confirms the need for a drastic revision of the Act of 1927. Until something effective is done to make it proof against exploitation, tragedies of the kind we have dealt with are bound to be repeated.

The Human Machine

Don't be a CRY-BABY

PEOPLE who moan about all the terrible troubles they've got are mostly kidding themselves and boring others.

To go blind would certainly be a considerable trouble. So it would be to go stone deaf. To be involved in a motor accident and be crippled for life would also be a trouble worth talking about. Although, at that, there are plenty of people in the world who have had just these troubles and who, instead of moaning about them, have set about overcoming their handicap with high courage and a stout heart.

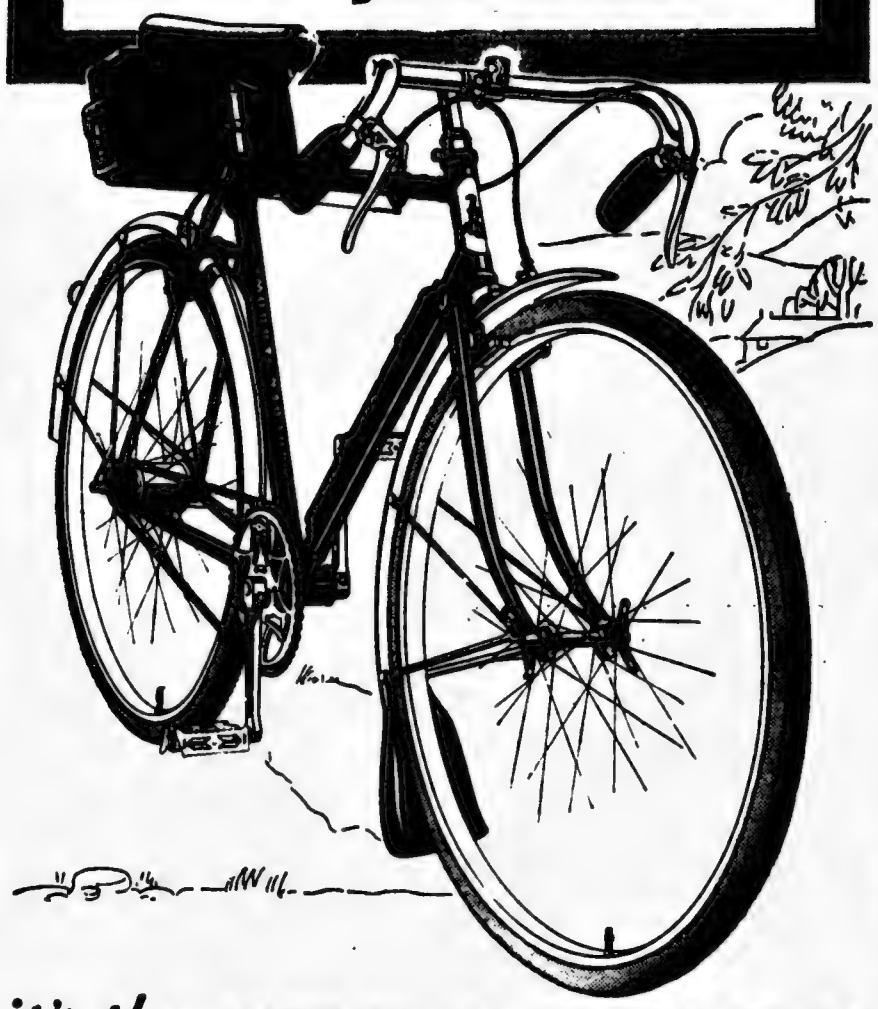
Most people haven't any troubles at all—not real troubles. All they've got is what we've all got—difficulties of varying degrees. They may be difficulties of family, of work, of finance, of health—but they're not troubles. Not real troubles. Not the sort of troubles that really do knock a man down and out and make him unfit for anything. Hardly anyone's got troubles of that sort.

Troubles, if we must dignify our difficulties by such a tragic name, loom in a sort of inverse proportion to the ease with which we are getting through life. To a person who has never really been ill, an aching finger seems like the crack of doom.

It's the same in our work or in our play. The better we are getting on, the more we over-value the difficulties and under-value the luck. The less we really have to worry about, the more we worry about the few difficulties we run up against.

We're all prize kidders, for we spend most of our time trying to kid ourselves. If we spent half the time using our brains that we spend over working our emotions, we should have a much happier and contented time.

It's not only pride of owning the best that makes people choose a Raleigh...



it's the **INDIVIDUAL PRODUCTION** *and the extra quality*

Why is a RALEIGH the easiest running bicycle?
—the answer is, it's Quality-built.

How can a RALEIGH be guaranteed for Ever?
—again, Quality is the reason.

"Quality-built" means that your Raleigh is built with only the finest steels. Only Raleigh, the largest and best equipped cycle factory in the world, could have built it so well at so reasonable a price.

But it's not only the quality of materials and the precision building. It's the Individual Production which gives the Raleigh those subtle refinements of design and construction which no mere mass produced machine ever has.

Quality gives you pride of ownership. What is more, it is something that stays with you as long as your bicycle lasts—which with a Raleigh is For Ever.

from **£4 : 19 : 6** *cash*
(Sturmey-Archer 3-speed gear 20/- extra, cash)

Deferred Terms **5/-** *down and 12 equal monthly payments from* **9/7**. *Sturmey-Archer 3-speed gear* **2/-** *extra monthly. Dunlop tyres, Brooks' saddle and the best of everything. Send for free copy of "The Book of the Raleigh," and name and address of nearest dealer.*

RALEIGH

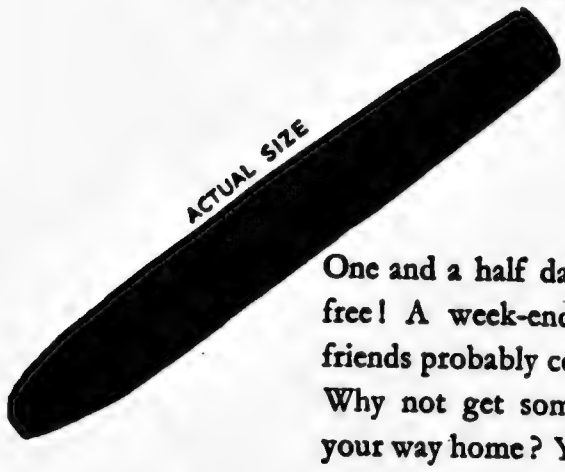
THE ALL-STEEL BICYCLE

THE RALEIGH CYCLE CO., LTD., NOTTINGHAM.

Depots and Agents Everywhere.

Fit the Sturmey Archer 3-speed gear—the gear that makes cycling easy

This Saturday



One and a half days absolutely free! A week-end at home—friends probably coming round. Why not get some Whiffs on your way home? You've surely earned a *luxury* smoke.

WILLS'S WHIFFS

HAVANA FLAVOUR AT REASONABLE PRICES

3 for 6° 6 for 1/- 12 for 2/-

W.W.17.

CLUBHOLDERS!

EVERY TURN is FIRST turn

NO DRAWING FOR CHANCES
NO LATE TURNS
HIGH QUALITY GOODS AT BARGAIN PRICES
SATISFACTION GUARANTEED

No need for your members to wait 20 weeks for the goods they want *now*. With John England, **EVERY TURN IS FIRST TURN.** On the first payment all members receive their goods *carriage paid*. Satisfaction is guaranteed or money refunded.

By rendering this great service, and by offering high quality goods at a saving of 5/- in the £, John England have won enormous popularity.

GENEROUS COMMISSIONS PAID

You can share in their success. With as few as five 1/- shares, you can start a John England Trust Club at once. Write to-day for full particulars. Members in your neighbourhood are waiting to join right away.

JOHN ENGLAND'S TRUST CLUB

FOR FULL INFORMATION FILL IN THE COUPON AND SEND IT TO THIS ADDRESS. (PLEASE WRITE IN PENCIL AND POST IN UNSEALED ½d. ENVELOPE.)

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

READING LANE, HACKNEY, LONDON, E.8

B 15

CRUEL RAMP on *Pet Lovers*

Exposed by Sir Wyndham Childs

Lewis promised attractive services to pet-lovers, but his so-called hospitals and boarding kennels are now derelict

THE activities in the county of Surrey of the principal of an establishment called the "Guildford and Godalming Dog Hospitals," will be of considerable interest to all lovers of animals.

The facts I shall reveal may also prompt some enquiry into the operations of a good many so-called "veterinary surgeons" scattered about the country whose qualifications to treat animals are questionable, to say the least.

That a warning is necessary is certain, for the matter is one of interest, not only to lovers of animals, but to all who contemplate investing money with individuals who set themselves up in business on a professional footing.

The Guildford and Godalming Dog Hospitals came into existence as a result of the efforts of a Mr. John Lewis, who rented premises called "The Shambles" off the High Street, in Guildford, and in a stableyard in Bridge Street, Godalming.

When Lewis came to the neighbourhood his origin was wrapped in obscurity, but he soon began to talk of his "up-to-date hospitals for the treatment of all dog and cat ailments."

He had letter-headings printed telling of the best-equipped modern boarding kennels, and he circulated printed post-cards announcing that he had all breeds of dogs for sale.

An illustrated brochure sent out through the post was adorned with his photograph; his assistants were depicted exercising dogs, while his "modern boarding kennels" formed an impressive background.

Good in theory

A self-styled lover of animals, Lewis extended an invitation to others to visit his establishments. A telephone call, he promised, would secure his immediate personal attention.

With his theories not the most practised "vet." could have found fault. Cats and dogs received for boarding were first to be thoroughly examined to satisfy him they were not suffering from any contagious disease, then they were to be sent to separate, roomy kennels.

"Pussies' Boarding House" was a specially constructed pen with a large enclosed exercise "run," well apart from that used by the dogs.

According to Lewis, dogs entrusted to his care would be exercised six hours a day if they required as much. They would be fed on the finest biscuits, provided with the best butcher's meat, treated for all ailments, and never left unguarded while in his "hospital."

His charges were decidedly modest, ranging from 7s. 6d. to 10s. 6d. a week, and in addition to affording treatment, he undertook plucking and stripping in season, or for show purposes. He also undertook to put pets to sleep painlessly should the necessity arise.

Having launched his pets' hospital scheme thus ambitiously, Lewis advertised for assistants, and through the columns of a daily newspaper got in touch with a number of young people.

One young man, residing with his widowed mother in Bow, East London, was offered a partnership. Immediately upon hearing from this applicant, Lewis drew up an agreement, called upon him at his home, and wrote from Guildford confirming the proposition.

The widow had saved quite a considerable sum of money, and learning of this Lewis agreed to take her son into partnership, relieving the parent of £150, on the promise of paying her boy a salary of £3 a week for three years.

Lewis undertook to instruct this youth. He made the same promise to at least two other young men who responded to similar advertisements. One of these invested £75; the other, invited to put up £200, compromised by risking £50, with the undertaking to provide a further £150 at the end of three months.

Bad cheque

One after another, these young men went into the business with Lewis at his "Guildford and Godalming Dog Hospitals." They worked with a number of girls Lewis had secured as kennel maids to look after dogs entrusted to his care.

The widow's son who went to Guildford to take up a partnership with Lewis received the promised wage for a few weeks, but then, to his surprise, a cheque Lewis gave him was at first dishonoured.

Lewis smoothed matters over for a time, and the "hospitals" he founded continued to flourish among the dog-lovers of the district. But although Lewis had promised his "partners" a share in the profits, they received none. From the beginning, instead, each in turn experienced difficulty in securing the proper salary.

Meanwhile, an advertisement appeared at Lewis's instigation in the brochure published by the proprietors of a local kinema.

Before this, he had carefully refrained from officially using the designation, "veterinary surgeon," but now he claimed this distinction.

Mystery

A good deal of mystery had surrounded the activities of John Lewis, the founder of these "hospitals" for dogs and cats in Guildford and Godalming! But immediately he used the term "veterinary surgeon," a protest came from official quarters, and the advertisement had to be withdrawn.

Lewis was compelled to sign an undertaking not to pose as a qualified veterinary surgeon again.

His bluff was thus called. He was by no means the highly experienced animal doctor he had led his victims to believe.

Entreaty on the one hand, by the widow's son, to restore at least a portion of the £150 his mother had invested, proved in vain.

On the other, another young man, an earnest lover of animals, who liked the work, was willing to provide more capital.

But he was soon disillusioned and Lewis lost a loyal and capable supporter when he failed to keep the bargain he made with that young man.

One week-end Lewis promised to forward his salary by registered letter, but it was never received. And then a cheque made in payment of salary was returned by the bank with the ominous inscription "R.D."

Nor is that all. I now learn that an inspector of the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, who visited Lewis's "Dog Hospital" in the Shambles, at Guildford, found a most unsatisfactory state of affairs.

The "modern, up-to-date hospital" of which Lewis had boasted in his widely distributed literature actually consisted of disused stables that were dark, damp and draughty.

The discoveries made by the R.S.P.C.A. inspector resulted in Lewis having a fine imposed upon him by the Guildford magistrates.

In the same police court a month earlier he had been fined for having failed to stamp the insurance cards of his girl employees.

Were the effects of his failure less tragic, it would be amusing to compare Lewis's defence to this last charge with the promises he made the young men he took into partnership.

Lewis took these young men into his business with the definite assurance that they should share in the profits; but when summoned for failing to stamp insurance cards he brazenly suggested that his "Dog Hospital" was not run for profit at all!

No one paid

His three partners in turn took action in the High Court and secured judgment against him—one for £150 and costs, another for £50 and costs, and a third for £90 and costs. They have failed to recover anything.

Other creditors in Guildford took action in the local county court and secured judgment, one being the landlord of the premises he had occupied in the High Street, Guildford.

But not one has been paid; nor has Lewis paid the fines imposed upon him for his neglect of the dogs taken to his precious hospital for treatment.

A good many people would be glad to meet Mr. John Lewis, the self-styled "veterinary surgeon," and have a heart-to-heart chat with him. Others should be warned by their bitter experience and be wary of their dealings with adventurers of his kind.

THE GALE

"GALE warning . . ." said the voice from the B.B.C., and instantly tens of thousands of ears were all attention.

In the control towers of aerodromes, on fishing smacks, wherever boisterous weather endangers lives and livelihoods, there was rapt attention for the gravely uttered words that followed.

Yet, in a snug, homely villa tucked away in a valley that holds in its embrace one of the most tranquil reaches of the Thames, where a bright fire burned and everything was at peace—well, what was a gale but a jolly thing that rattled the window panes, set the trees dancing, and made home seem a hundred times more secure?

The gale rose. A scurry of wind down the chimney set sparks spurting from the domestic fire to different parts of the room. The fire brigade went clanging through the streets. Pounds and pounds worth of damage—enough to dismay the little family that shared that home—resulted from that frolic of the gale.

It was so unexpected. Are not most of the misfortunes of life? But JOHN BULL saw to it that the loss did not fall on the householder, for the simple reason that he had qualified for the protection of our unique free family insurance scheme.

All he had done was to fill in a coupon which is reprinted on page 45. Why don't you turn to it now, and do the same?

YOUR NERVES

Convey Pain & Sensation to your Brain

Operate all your Muscles

Control your Digestion

In Your Own Interests You Should Read these Vital Facts about Nerve Weakness

Your head, your heart, your stomach, your back, your arms and your legs all have their own intricate nerve systems. All are connected to each other and to your brain. Some of these nerves are nearly two inches round—others are finer than a hair. Your nerves control your Digestion, operate all your muscles; they transmit every ache or pain to your brain.

Once your nerves have become impoverished, Body and Brain suffer; agonising Nerve Pains, Indigestion, loss of Appetite, Sleeplessness, Hysteria, and acute Depression can all be traced directly to a weakened run-down Nervous System.

You can end your suffering only by realising that your NERVES are the cause of it, and treating them without delay.

Your TRIGEMINAL NERVE

causes your

HEAD PAINS

Those throbbing head pains which leave you prostrate and sleepless are your Trigeminal Nerve giving you a warning that there is something very much amiss with your nerves. Dr. Cassells Tablets contain all the essential nutritive constituents which your nerves need.

Your RADIAL NERVE

causes your

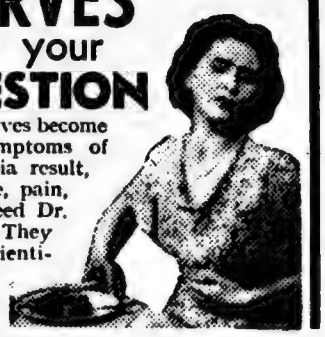
NEURITIS

Left is a diagram of your Radial and Median Nerves which are the principal nerves of your arm. When these thick bundles of fibres become inflamed through weakness the pain becomes unbearable. Dr. Cassells Tablets will restore you to complete and lasting health.

Your GASTRIC NERVES

cause your

INDIGESTION



When Gastric Nerves become impoverished symptoms of Nervous Dyspepsia result, causing flatulence, pain, acidity. You need Dr. Cassells Tablets. They are made from a scientific formula which gives permanent relief.

Your LUMBAR NERVE

causes your

BACKACHE

This diagram shows how the Lumbar Nerves emerge in pairs from the spinal column in the small of your back. Once weak and inflamed they cause painful, disabling backache. Dr. Cassells Tablets will bring back your nerves to health and strength.

How The Dr. CASSELLS TREATMENT revitalises WORN-OUT NERVES

Fair-Play Offer

To make a trial, get a 1/3 box from your Chemist. Save the Carton. If not entirely satisfied, send it to the Veno Drug Co., Ltd., Manchester, 16, and your money will be returned.

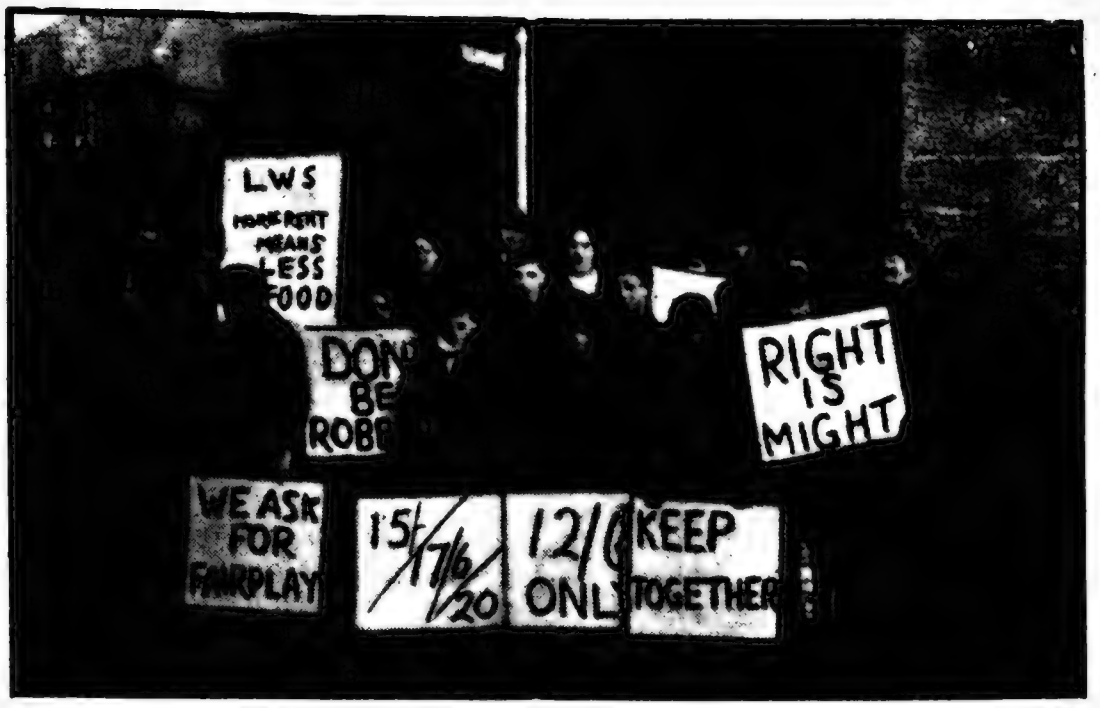
Dr. Cassells is a ***Nerve Treatment*** of the first grade. It contains ingredients to ***relieve*** your ***pain,*** to compose and clarify your mind. There are ***Nerve Foods*** to nourish your whole nervous system. There are ***Blood Tonics*** to enrich and purify your blood. There are life-giving ***Mineral Salts*** to put a new healthy 'backbone' into your whole constitution.

Dr. Cassells Tablets contain every essential ***Nerve Nutrient. You feel the benefit from the first dose.*** You are soothed and calmed, your nerves are no longer on edge. The haunting fear of a sudden uncontrollable outburst quickly leaves you. ***You begin to sleep better.*** Don't neglect yourself, start a course of Dr. Cassells Tablets to-day! **Prices—6d., 1/3, 3/- and 5/-**

Dr. CASSELLS TABLETS

BRAND

The Nerve Tonic that gets at the CAUSE of **HEAD PAINS, NEURITIS, NEURALGIA, SCIATICA, BACKACHE, INDIGESTION, LOSS of APPETITE, SLEEPLESSNESS, ANÆMIA, DIZZINESS, HYSTERIA, DEPRESSION, BREAKDOWN**



Even children have participated in the protest parades against rent increases that are considered quite unjustified

Town REVOLT *against* RENT

THE Ministry of Health has been patting itself on the back over the progress made with slum clearance, but its figures, convincing though they are, do not stand comparison with the facts revealed in an investigation we have just concluded at Slough, in Buckinghamshire.

For unless something is done quickly, there will be a different problem to face—and that on a new housing estate!

Best remembered as the village that grew into a thriving township overnight during the war, Slough has in late years been described as the "Clearing-house for the Distressed areas."

Many model factories have sprung up there, and in consequence an estate of some 4,000 new houses has been built where formerly were meadow lands and barren pastures.

The Ministry of Labour established a training centre there at which several hundred young men from South Wales, Lancashire, Derbyshire and Yorkshire are taught the rudiments of a trade.

In the past year or two, thousands of women and girls have migrated there in order to secure work in the local factories—many of them assisted by the Ministry of Labour itself.

And tens of thousands of miners, weavers, cotton spinners and shipyard workers from Wales, Durham, the Midlands and the North have been encouraged to settle there, renting, or agreeing to purchase, the new houses as fast as they were built.

These miners, weavers and labourers with their families from all parts of Britain have migrated in hope and with a spirit of optimism; but the result is chaos of an unbelievable kind.

Overcrowding in Slough will eventually exist to an extent equal with that found in many of the older cities like Cardiff, Liverpool or London unless something is done.

Collectors mobbed

Our investigator has visited houses on the new estate in Slough where as many as ten adults and five or six children are packed into dwellings designed originally to accommodate an average small family of three or four.

Another grievance shared by the unfortunate people transferred to Slough is that houses much of the same type are let at rentals including rates varying from 10s. 9d. to as much as 25s. a week.

Why this disparity exists we are unable to say; and in recording the following facts we would point out that it is a matter for official enquiry.

This is a course which we feel sure the landlords involved will greatly appreciate.

What is happening now is a rents revolt, in which the aggrieved tenants have paraded through the unmade streets bearing banners with such slogans as "No Rent To-day"; "Don't Starve the Kids to Pay the Rent," and so on.

On one estate where an attempt was made to introduce an all-round increase of rent angry tenants followed the collector round, carrying posters and shouting slogans.

House after house refused to pay the increase, and offers to pay the old rentals were refused. On the following week those who refused to meet the extra demands were marked up as being in arrears, but the tenants are making a determined stand.

Large numbers of children have participated in these demonstrations.

At last 600 of the aggrieved householders have been banded together in an organisation known as the Slough Tenants' Defence League, and a vigilance committee, with representatives from each of the affected roads, has been formed.

There have been large and enthusiastic meetings at which the tenants have shown that they are united in their determination to resist the increase of rent which they consider unfair.

"There is no justification for this increase," say the officials of the Defence League in a recent communication to members, and they even go so far as to assert that it is an attempt to take advantage of the shortage of houses at the expense of the tenants.

Not only in one individual case, but in scores of instances, hard-pressed mothers find themselves compelled to find accommodation for half a dozen lodgers in their tiny homes, in order to make ends meet.

Lodgers and families alike went to Slough in the belief they were finding a new heaven and a new earth, but they have found grimness at least uniform with the black fastnesses of the Rhondda Valley: poverty as wretched as found in any of the depressed areas.

Unpaved streets

Miles of dimly lit streets, long wearisome avenues—unpaved, rutted and unmetalled, with a single street lamp throwing a pale glimmer from a distant corner.

In the new estate at Slough, no fewer than fifty thousand souls have been drafted from the slums and squalor of mining towns and the derelict cotton country, there to seek employment in factories where the wages paid a worker sometimes exceed 40s. a week.

Many of those who have migrated to Slough—often at the instance of the Ministry of Labour and at the expense of the State—are now unemployed: one is a former Welsh miner, a man with a wife and a baby, who, receiving 29s. from the employment exchange, pays more than 16s. rent.

He has furnished his house of two living rooms and three very small bedrooms, through a hire-purchase firm, and his wife contrives to balance the budget by means of taking in five young men lodgers, trainees from Wigan, South Shields and South Wales, who pay each 8s. a week for accommodation and a little cooking, providing their own food.

Another family, in Canterbury Avenue, Slough, consists of husband, wife and two young children, housed in a dwelling with one living room and a scullery on the ground floor.

Overcrowding

This family came to Slough from the Midlands, the man earning less than £2 a week full time, though the rent and rates absorb 16s. 1d. of it. In this house, similar to the last, were found four young men and four girl lodgers, three of them unemployed.

A volume could be written on the physiological reactions of young people thrown together thus promiscuously in a neighbourhood where the streets are a wilderness, and where the outlook is one of blank despair.

Some aspects of that story are already written and fully recorded in the magistrates' court in Slough, where applications for affiliation orders, for maintenance, and applications of one sordid kind and another, constitute the principal business.

A chapter to the record might be added from the coroner's court, where an inquest was recently held on a mother who was killed while cycling to work at a factory, while her husband looked after five children and four lodgers in their "new estate" home.

And, up the scale, conditions equally as critical may be found, for yet another family is that of a man who collects instalments from those who secured their furniture on hire-purchase.

He has the heart-breaking job of taking from hard-pressed families shillings and half-crowns that fill the gap between rent and starvation. His own wife and family of five school-going children he supports on a wage that scarcely averages £3 a week, from which he pays 25s. 6d. a week to a building society.

The house in which he dwells will be his in twenty years—if it lasts that length of time; and in the meantime, his wife not only takes in four lodgers, but works a full day in a factory as well, thereby adding 27s. to the weekly income.

She works beside girls in lodgings far from home, earning from 22s. to 28s. a week; and her young men boarders, receiving 15s. a week maintenance while they are being trained, strive to exist on what is left after they have paid 8s. for their accommodation.

Yet another family is that of an ex-Serviceman, whose claim to a disability pension, backed by the British Legion, is now receiving consideration by the authorities.

Unfit for work, he has a wife and six children to support, so he takes in lodgers, often girls brought from far afield to work in the factories, from four to six often being found accommodation in his "new estate" house.

Then there is a widow with four children dependent upon her, who, eking out an existence and paying 22s. 6d. rent for her flimsy dwelling, boards both girls and youths arriving from the distressed areas to take up badly paid work in Slough.

First two girls from the Midlands, and then a batch of three from various places, came to lodge with her. But all in course of time left for unknown destinations; their departure being followed by anxious letters from parents asking for news.

These young people, who migrated to Slough from their far-scattered homes, found considerable demand for their services—for a time. But the work provided them was only "seasonal." The day came when, put off indefinitely, they had to shift on unemployment pay, which again lasted only for a period. Then, disliking to go home with a confession of failure, they drifted—none can say where.

Yet another grave aspect of the overcrowding we have found to exist in this new community is the insufficiency of accommodation in the schools, where a waiting list hundreds long numbers the children unable as things are to receive education.

Such is a brief word-picture of Slough, where manufacturers have been encouraged to establish their factories, and whither thousands have been induced to migrate—in the creation of a supposed new Utopia.

Dire distress

The inhabitants of Slough are themselves helpless, the Town Council is swamped with the cases it has been asked to consider. The chairman of the local council is invaded in his home with parents in direst distress; the police court, as we have mentioned, is the real "clearing-house" for the aftermath.

That a suspicion of the real truth has at last dawned upon the Ministry of Health is revealed in a circular sent out to every local authority in the kingdom recently, calling for a census return to be made, and dealing particularly with overcrowding.

There is hope, therefore, that the shocking conditions at Slough will soon be brought home to the authorities.

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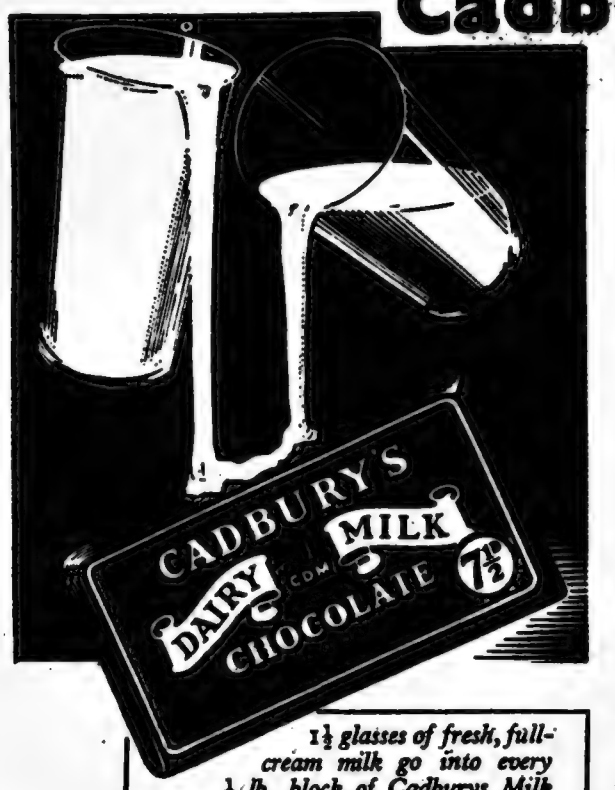

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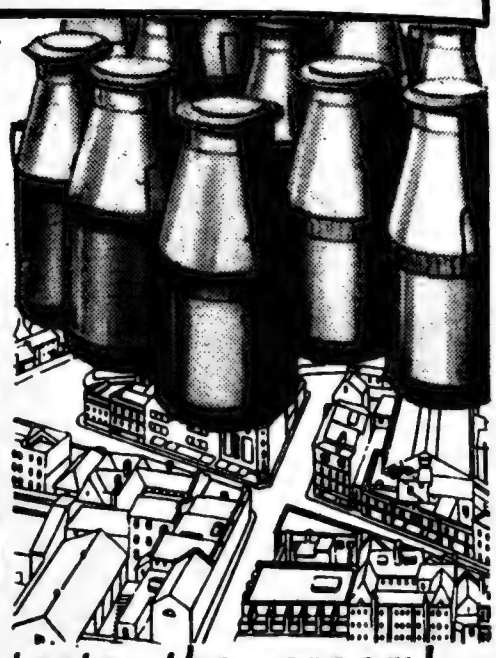

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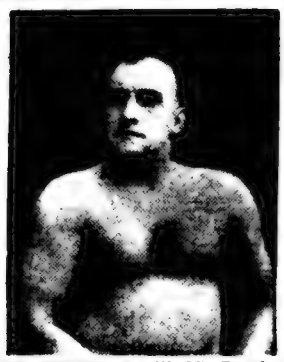

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Eric Broom, *age 17, showing remarkable development gained on the International Course.*

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"I have enclosed two photographs one before and the other after a year's training on the weights and the Broom International Course. At a body-weight of 8 st. I have a 38 in. chest and 12 in. biceps.
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Write for your FREE copy to-day.

THE MOST REMARKABLE PHOTOGRAPH EVER PUBLISHED.

Pupil David Sayce.

I think readers and especially Experts will agree that this is the MOST REMARKABLE PHOTOGRAPH EVER PUBLISHED in a Magazine. This pupil has had only part of the "International" Course and is just an ordinary Amateur. Furthermore, the photograph is taken out of doors, which does not improve the muscle definition. Mr. D. Sayce, of Warwick, the original of this picture, was inspired to take up P.C. through the success his brother achieved on my instruction. This brother, F. Sayce, has a fine development and was the subject of a special "Health & Strength" presentation plate some time ago. These are the results you can get—but only on the Broom "International" Course.

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Bradley's

Strictly Anonymous

For the SAKE *of the* CHILDREN

I want the love and respect of my children. I want to tell them everything. Dare I tell them?

PARENTHOOD is a powerful and mysterious bond. Love of one's children is something quite apart from love of their mother. It can and does persist even when the realisation has dawned that one has chosen the wrong partner for life.

I married young. I know now it was infatuation that led me to marry the pretty young woman I had known from childhood. She was convinced from the start that I was destined to be the father of her children—and I made poems to her profile.

I was an earnest young student in those days—shabby, unkempt, and I thought I was a poet. She was firmly convinced I was a genius and that her job in life was to foster my genius and bear my children. She was untrained in the things I cared about, but she made up in emotion what she lacked in knowledge.

☆ ☆ ☆

I KNOW now that my abilities do not constitute genius. Looking back, I can smile ruefully at us as we were in those days—both romantic, both strictly brought up and deeply religious, both taking me and my future absurdly seriously!

Even in those courtship days I found her emotional intensity rather exhausting and broke away from her once, but I came back, and when I was just over twenty and she nineteen we married.

How pathetically quickly our incompatibilities came to light! The realisation of what I had done was like a blow between the eyes. My romantic mood passed.

I turned my studies from poetic literature to science and rationalism, but I was married to the heroine of my early poems—a heroine who was constitutionally incapable of changing her rôle.

Meanwhile two children had been born in quick succession, a boy and a girl. I was delighted with their coming. They gave a strange new interest to life.

But they did not bring us closer together—rather they became a barrier, their mother flaunting her motherhood at me as proof of the superiority of her uneducated womanhood.

We quarrelled. She irritated me and I caused her pain. I buried myself in my books, and she became more and more aggressively maternal.

I am not apportioning blame—the root cause was incompatibility. Heaven knows, I wasn't the husband to make her happy.

I had little interest in my children in those early years. Their mother seemed to stand between them and me. I was lonely. Only in reading did I find release, till I met someone else.

My new friend was a simple, quiet soul, studious like myself, her interests not identical but her approach to things gratifyingly the same. To be with her was like going home. Soon we both knew it was love.

I told my wife.

☆ ☆ ☆

"PLEASE try and understand," I urged. "The very fact that I am confiding in you shows that I want to settle this affair in a frank and open way."

"That's what you say," she retorted. "But how do I know that it's not just because you're afraid I should be sure to find you out sooner or later?"

I begged for release. There were scenes, tears, reproaches. I was brutal. Then she used the old argument:

"At least, if I mean nothing to you any longer, you will consider the children!"

☆ ☆ ☆

I TOLD her they would never want. I left the house and went to live in lodgings.

I tried to close my mind to her pleadings and to thoughts of the children's future.

The woman I loved kept away from me during this time of trial. Wisely, she left me to fight it out for myself. Calm wisdom has always been the keynote of her character.

After three weeks' misery I went back to my wife. The thought of two tiny children left to the care of a highly emotional woman who knew herself to be wronged goaded me into going back. I couldn't leave my children in her hands.

Miserably, I told the "other woman" that our love could never be fulfilled. Quietly, she acquiesced.

We parted, saying we must never meet again.

The next three years were pure torment. I tried to settle down honestly to my new rôle of dutiful domesticity. Life seemed empty. I had no interest in my work, my books, my home—in anything.

Then, by accident, I met the other woman again. In an instant I knew she was the only one who could give meaning to life. All that weary time she, too, had been learning what her love for me meant.

She did not think of me as a genius, but she loved me enough as a man to give me everything and take only part of my life.

I thought hard, and I decided I had given my children and my wife all I owed them. In taking happiness with this other woman I was taking what I owed myself and enabling myself to get through life with the minimum of unhappiness all round.

We became lovers. We decided my wife must never know. For twenty years she has been in ignorance.

For twenty years I have shared my life between my home and the woman I love.

To all outward appearance mine is a happy married life. My wife is devoted to the home and children. I spend studious evenings by the fire. I have two promising children who look like doing well in the world. There is nothing to show to the casual observer the conflict underneath.

☆ ☆ ☆

BUT it is there. Only part of my life is lived by my fire—the part of me that loves my children. The rest of me waits for the moments of escape to the companion who has remained loyal to me all these years.

Now, to make it worse, my children have grown up into their twenties. They are intelligent, eager, curious about life. They have mixed with the world to a degree unknown to me at their age.

They are my great interest in life. I passionately want their love and respect. Above all, I want to help them.

Take my son. He confides in me in a way that fills me with pride and pleasure.

☆ ☆ ☆

WE are as close as father and son can be—save that between us stands my overpowering secret.

I long to tell him everything. The knowledge that he is ignorant of a large part of my life clouds our intimacy. I want him to know and respect the woman who has loved me so selflessly all these years, who has watched through my eyes my children's development from stage to stage and listened eagerly to every detail of their progress.

Dare I tell my son? *Ought* I to tell him? It is not only that he might misunderstand. It is not only that he might condemn me for the past. There is the future yet to be lived. Ought I to make him bear the burden of a secret he may not want to share?

And my daughter. . . . I want to help her to choose a husband who will make her wholly happy. I want to guide her by my experience and lead her feet away from pitfalls.

But how could I poison the relationship between her mother and her by the knowledge of what I have hidden?

I have moulded my life to secure my children's happiness. I have waited all these years to enjoy their companionship and intimacy.

Now that intimacy I had hoped for seems unattainable. Many times I have sought to bring myself to take them fully into my confidence, but always doubt creeps into my mind.

Must I condemn myself to guard for ever the secret that stands between me and them?

Or should I take the plunge? That is the problem I am still unable to solve.

● **Most men and women have some secret chapter in their lives that they have been afraid to reveal to any living soul.**

Yet they feel that the mere telling of it would relieve their heart of a burden.

We invite readers to send in for publication at our usual rates their secret personal story, told in about 2,000 words. It will, of course, be "Strictly Anonymous."

THE HOUSE with a BAD NAME!

The writer of the article as she appeared at the workhouse door

I Saw for Myself..

by a W Ma

"I WON'T go inside, sir—I'd rather starve!" . . . How often has every relieving officer heard this despairing cry? Most of them do "go inside" in the long run; starving is such a cruelly hard and slow business. But why should people feel that in the last resort they would rather die than go into the workhouse?

The answer is that for generations, indeed ever since Poor Law treatment was introduced in the time of Queen Anne, society has done its utmost to prevent people becoming a burden on the State by harrying and humiliating them into being more frightened of the Poor Law than of starvation.

Now, however, things are beginning to change; a new social conscience is awakening which makes the majority of people realise the responsibility of society for the well-being of all its members, irrespective of their position, and progressive authorities take an entirely different attitude towards recipients of Poor Law relief.

This is particularly marked in London, where they have been so successful that many of the people who have actually been inmates of a workhouse are quite prepared to return to it again if necessity arises.

"With friends"

And especially is this true of the old people. In the most up-to-date institutions there are married quarters for old people, where each couple have a bedroom to themselves, so that they are not separated at all, and a real effort is made to make them comfortable.

One woman of seventy-three told me that she had been in a workhouse for two years, and then her son and his wife had persuaded her to go and live with them; but, she said, "I soon had enough of that; I don't want to be bossed around—I'd sooner be with friends back here."

Some weeks ago I spent a long afternoon going over one of the best London workhouses; yet, when I came away, I realised that I had not the faintest idea what the inmates themselves, for whom it was being run, felt about it. Only people who live under the conditions can really know what those conditions are like. So I determined to become an inmate of a similar institution myself, and find out what it was like from the inside.

Accordingly I set out one afternoon to spend the week-end "inside." Suitably dressed, and posing as a destitute widow, I got an order to go into a workhouse as a casual.

I did not, however, achieve this without considerable difficulty, not because my *bona fides* were questioned, but because it seemed almost impossible to find a workhouse.

I asked a policeman, in the area where I was supposed to have been turned out of my lodgings because I was penniless and could not pay my rent, the way to the nearest casual ward. He told me there was a workhouse about a mile away and directed me to it.

When I arrived, however, at the institution, I was told that it had been converted into an infirmary for old people two years previously, and that no ordinary paupers were taken there.

The porter there sent me on to a casual ward some twenty minutes' walk away. But when I got to it, early in the afternoon, a notice on the door informed me that it was not open till 5 p.m.

So I had to wander about until I could find a convenient bench which I could sit on for two and a half hours till the casual ward opened.

Fortunately, it was a warm, sunny day, for if it had been cold and raining it would have been horrible waiting about all that time with nowhere to go for shelter.

Friendly porter

When I got back to the casual ward at 5 o'clock I found it was for "men only." I was, however, given an order for the workhouse, which was some little way off and not very easy to find.

When I finally got there I had been tramping and waiting about for three hours. This did not matter in my case, but such an experience must mean real suffering and hardship for people who are ill or elderly. Indeed, one old woman came into the institution I was in about 11.30 on the same evening that I arrived and she was nearly fainting from hunger and fatigue in finding the place.

Surely it is not necessary for people to have so much fatigue and trouble in finding a local Poor Law institution. Every police officer should be given the necessary information to enable him to direct people to the nearest workhouse or relieving officer.

When I arrived at the institution the porter, who was very sympathetic and friendly, wrote down all the details of my case, after which I was escorted to the women's casual ward. There I was kindly received by the nurse in charge, and immediately given a mug of tea and some bread and cheese.

Everyone was fed like this on arrival; an excellent plan, for many newcomers turn up exhausted and half-famished, since their dread of "going in" has kept them away as long as they could possibly hold out, which is often till they are literally starving. The "old hands" come in in much better condition; they know what to expect, and do not hold out any longer than is comfortable before coming back again.

My first duty as a casual was to have a bath and wash my hair. The bathroom led out of the ward, and was a fair-sized room, with a large white bath, and also contained a sink in which all the washing-up after the casuals' meals was done. This was also used as a lavatory basin, and was the only means of personal washing the women had, apart from the preliminary bath.

Everything in the institution was kept scrupulously clean; indeed, what seemed like acres of wooden floors and miles of stone corridors were all well scrubbed every day, together with the long wooden tables and forms used for meals. The bath was thoroughly cleaned out every time it was used, and kept at a pitch of cleanliness which might well be emulated by a good many expensive hotels.

The compulsory bath on arrival was rather an awe-inspiring experience, and, I should imagine, rather frightening to some of the women, who probably have never seen a bath of such dimensions, or such unlimited hot water.

However, the nurse was considerate and did not interfere if her charge washed properly, though she was very particular that hair should be thoroughly cleansed.

After bathing came the business of dressing in workhouse clothes; these, also, were perfectly clean, but ridiculously old-fashioned and cumbersome, and, except in the matter of shoes, which the prospective wearer could choose for herself from a pile, there seemed to be no attempt to fit the clothes to the wearer. Everything except the dress tied up with tapes, which was fortunate for anyone with a figure of moderate proportions.

Figures of fun

Though I am of average size, my garments all nearly wrapped round me twice! These consisted of a cotton chemise, a nondescript flannel garment called a vest, old-fashioned cotton drawers, a heavy dark material petticoat with many pleats—such as our great-grandmothers wore—a print dress buttoning down the front, and a voluminous white cotton apron tied round the waist. The ensemble was finished by white worsted stockings of different sizes, which sadly needed darning—these, also, were tied up with tape. I did, however, find a comfortable pair of shoes, which was a great advantage.

In the casual ward there was a shortage even of these clothes, and when I was given my outfit there were no clean chemises left, so I was offered a rough cotton nightdress as a foundation!

There was a good deal of feeling among the inmates about the clothes, and I think the workhouse wardrobes ought to be brought up to date. To be condemned to go about looking such figures of fun is bad for the morale of the inmates, and makes them lose self-respect.

The rule that they should not wear their own clothes is, of course, necessary from the point of view of cleanliness, but there is no reason why the clothes that are provided should not be simple and comfortable, and given out with some regard to fit. They could easily be kept in bundles of different sizes, and garments picked to suit the wearer.

In the L.C.C. mental hospitals the matter of the inmates' clothes has received a great deal of attention; and although the women are still, in some cases, wearing out some of the old-fashioned underclothing, their dresses are all made to fit them, and the patients themselves choose the material from an assortment and also decide the style in which their dresses shall be made up. So that they are able to take a real interest in their clothes, and they take a pride in their appearance.

It would not, of course, be possible to make clothes individually for casuals; but they could have a choice of garments, while the regular inmates could be allowed to select their clothes in the same way as the patients in the mental hospitals.

I think in some of the Poor Law institutions an effort has been made to clothe the people more suitably and tastefully, but in the one I was in no attempt of any sort was made to do anything about it.

Another dress item which causes the elderly women real distress is that no corsets are provided. The younger women, of course, do not want them, but for elderly women suddenly to be deprived of all support causes acute distress. One old lady told me she had never been without a nice strong pair of stays, and she was almost weeping with discomfort. This trouble only occurs in the casual wards; the ordinary inmates are provided with corsets if they want them.

The ward where the casuals sat, ate and slept was a fairly cheerful room, containing eight beds and three children's cots ranged round the walls, and

"The baby screamed with terror, but the nurse would not allow the mother to touch it .... She brought it into the ward and banged it down into a cot"

Woman Magistrate

a long table down the middle of the room. Backless wooden forms were put round the table at meal times, and plain wooden armless chairs were placed about the room for people to use in their leisure hours.

A few comfortable chairs were provided for the old women, but apart from that everyone had to sit all the time on hard wooden chairs or forms.

For the most part, when they were not working, the women had to sit on wooden forms with a single bar along the back unless they preferred to go into the yard or garden outside, which they could always do if they liked.

Nothing to do

On Sundays, when there was comparatively little to do, the poor things sat hour after hour on these hard benches. My own back ached in the most unpleasant way after a time, so what it must have been like for the elderly women, particularly for the casuals with no waist support, I cannot imagine.

Sunday was, on the whole, a trying day. Everyone had to be up and dressed by 6.45 a.m., as on other days, though I cannot think why; an extra hour in bed on Sunday mornings would be a tremendous boon to the inmates and would shorten the endless hours of sitting about on hard benches.

Breakfast, consisting of mugs of tea, thick slices of rather stale bread, a small pat of margarine and some thin slices of breakfast sausage, was served just after seven o'clock. General tidying up, brushing, dusting, bed-making and washing up followed. After that, the bulk of the casuals were sent over to the main workhouse for the rest of the day.

There were three religious services of different denominations, and attendance in all cases was optional. Otherwise, apart from having dinner and tea, there was nothing to do but sit about from 9 a.m. to 6.30 p.m.

Naturally the women got extremely bored. One little group played ludo, and two or three read, but there seemed to be very few books to read, so most of them sat doing absolutely nothing at all, except talk in a desultory way to their neighbours, and long for dinner, which was at 12.30, and tea, which was at 4.45.

Another grievance they had, and a very real one, was that the day rooms were so cold. There was no central heating, and only one fire in each of the very draughty rooms, so that only those just by the fire were warm, and fifty or sixty others in each room sat shivering all day.

A great bell clanged at dinner time, and everyone, with a sigh of relief, trooped into the dining hall—a huge place, holding about four hundred people. The women sat at one end, and men at the other, on wooden forms each side of long wooden tables ranged in rows along the walls.

When everyone was seated, large trays containing plates of cold corned beef, beetroot and mashed potatoes were carried from table to table by men inmates, and a nurse handed a plate to every one. Bread and water were already on the tables when we sat down. The first course was followed by milk pudding, which was glutinous and unmilky, and a small quantity of tea.

The food in these workhouses is, on the whole, not bad. Cold meat may be served only once a week, and fish once a week; on the other days there must be hot meat, together with potatoes and another vegetable, and there is always a pudding and tea also at dinner.

The other meals, breakfast, tea and supper, consist chiefly of bread and tea, or, in the case of supper, cocoa. There is always something else, too—a little jam, cheese or cake, etc. The bread is unlimited, but it is mostly rather stale, and there is a lot of waste both of bread and other food because of the way it is served.

I think a good deal of reorganisation is needed in the arrangement of meals. I am sure it would be possible, without much extra work, to serve the food in such a way as not to have so much of certain things left over and wasted.

Rector's daughter

The chief fault with the food itself is that there is too great a proportion of bread, as compared with non-starchy foods to make it a balanced diet. I believe this could also be remedied quite easily, without much, if any, extra cost.

Among the inmates to whom I talked were several middle-class women. There were two who had been governesses, and had fallen on evil days. Another was the daughter of a country rector.

One thing that strongly impressed me was the number of people in the workhouse who should have been getting out-relief instead. It would actually have cost the community less to keep them on out-relief, and the people themselves would have been infinitely happier.

A typical case was a middle-aged woman who got a little work now and again. She had a brother to whom she could go for the day, though there was not room for her actually to stay with him and his family. He helped her when he could.

This little lady told me, with tears in her eyes, that if she could have ten shillings a week to pay the rent of a room she could manage nicely. As it was, she could never get a little place of her own, and she was in and out of the workhouse all the time. She hated doing it, because she felt it was such a disgrace, and also she longed for a home.

I am quite sure she cost the ratepayers more in any given year than she would if she had had her rent paid—so what is the sense of forcing her to go into the workhouse continually?

On the whole, I was favourably impressed by my workhouse experience. For the most part, the inmates spoke well of their treatment, and they all pointed out how superior the present administration is to that of the old Boards of Guardians.

Kindly nurses

I was delighted to see how kind and considerate the nurses were to the inmates, and on what friendly terms they were. There was, however, one very bad exception to this rule; the behaviour of the night nurse in the casual ward was everything it should not have been. And it is impossible to emphasise too strongly the importance of having an official who is absolutely reliable in the casual ward at night, where people are coming in at all times, in every stage of weariness, misery and despair. The nurse on duty then is an absolute autocrat, for there is no other official about.

The nurse in our ward, who apparently started the night in a bad temper, brought in a frightened girl with an eighteen-months-old baby in the middle of the night; the girl had been wandering about for hours, not knowing where to go, and was completely exhausted.

Out of place

The nurse took them both into the bathroom, and then dumped the baby into the bath. The baby screamed with terror, but the nurse would not allow the mother to touch it, and bathed it herself; she then brought it into the ward and banged it down into a cot.

The frightened baby nearly screamed itself into convulsions, but the nurse would not allow the mother to go to it, and continually shouted at the child that what it needed was a good beating. Before she had finished with them, the mother was nearly as frightened as the baby.

This scene continued for over an hour. Of course, the whole ward was awakened and upset.

When the nurse had ultimately got both the mother and baby into bed, in order to vent her ill-temper she went up to one of the girls lying in bed in the ward, and told her she had made a fool of herself because she was going to have an illegitimate baby, and taunted her about her condition in front of the whole ward.

Such conduct ought not to be possible; it is completely out of keeping with the atmosphere and standards of the workhouses of to-day.

One must not, however, judge one kindly institution by a solitary exception. . . .

It is splendid to realise, and be able to put on record, that the sum of human suffering caused by destitution has—in London at any rate—been largely alleviated. But there is still much to be done. Is it too much to hope that it will be done quickly?

Five to feed on 30/- a week

... means getting the most good out of every meal

"I have to shop carefully," says Mrs. Tarbuck. "I always ask myself who: food will give my family the most nourishment for the money."

"That's why we always have Rowntree's Cocoa"

says Mrs. Tarbuck, of Birmingham.

"WITH my eldest boy Bernard earning, we've got 55/- a week coming in," says Mrs. Tarbuck, "and that's comfortably off compared with when I first set up housekeeping, even with three extra to find for. Of course I have to watch the food bills — they mustn't come to more than 30/- a week. To do on that I have to make every meal as nourishing as possible. We drink a lot of cocoa, and I always get Rowntree's because I know it helps us to digest our food and get more good out of it."

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My True Story — by Famous Authors

TORPEDOED on my BIRTHDAY

by Gerald BULLETT

I climbed over, gripping the rope; loosened my grip and slid down. The rope was like a rod of fire in my hands

THE troopship, bound for Egypt, carried some eighteen hundred souls. A third of that number was destined never to reach land. It is odd to reflect, as I look back across the intervening years, that when we stood in our hundreds on the quay at Marseilles, and when, laden with all our military gear, we marched in single file down the gangway to the ship, there were those among us who were already doomed never to grow old.

It was not a pleasure cruise. There was a war on. No one expected luxury, and no one, so far as I know, got it. Among the passengers were nurses, officers and men of all ranks of many units. We dumped our kitbags in the hold, and looked forward to the day when we should be let loose on that appalling pile, each to retrieve his own.

But we retained the rest of our equipment, and to it was added a lifebelt, an affair like a cushion which you tied round your chest. It was a military crime to sleep beyond reach of one's lifebelt or to appear on deck during the day without it.

There must have been twenty or thirty different regiments represented on that troopship. We were not so much a community as a miscellaneous collection of communities. I myself was one of a party of wireless operators. If I remember rightly, there were thirty-five of us, all trained for work with the batteries.

We were all very conscious of our great luck in being sent East, instead of to the Western Front, which, at this stage of the war, was decidedly less attractive than it had seemed in the first days of romantic excitement.

We were all children, comparatively speaking: the oldest was not more than twenty-two, the youngest not quite eighteen. Each of us carried with him his own bundle of intimate memories, his own hopes and fears, his own universe.

To each man his own consciousness was his world, and the destruction of that consciousness would mean a world lost. But taking us as a whole, it would be untrue to say that we were either happy or unhappy. We were fatalistic. We would take what was coming to us.

Four men of my party spent every leisure moment playing a card game called Coon Can. They lost prodigious sums to each other. The most popular of the four was a lad named Young: plump, friendly, always good-tempered and with an extraordinary capacity for making everybody else so.

Another was a little slim-faced Jew, a born gambler; he played with the fiercest concentration, as though his life depended on it, and greeted all his losses with a sad heroic smile.

The third was Featherstone, a flaxen-haired, high-spirited child; but the fourth member of the card party, at this distance of time, eludes me altogether.

These were my friends. I and half a dozen others would stand round them while they played, and watch every turn of the game with an excitement almost equal to their own.

All the same, it was a dreary voyage. In the Gulf of Lyons the weather was very dirty indeed and we were all as sick as dogs. We lay off Malta for seven days or so, no one (except those in command) knew why; and one of those seven days happened to be December 25. On Christmas morning we were given some rancid porridge for breakfast, by way of a treat.

But at last, in the middle of a bright December morning, the coast of Egypt was sighted. The rumour spread quickly, and the men came crowding on deck to see for themselves. There was a stir of happiness all over the ship. There was also, in every heart, an unacknowledged feeling of relief.

No one had had the bad taste to talk about enemy submarines, but we were aware of the existence of such things, and the sight of the three Japanese destroyers that formed our escort—lithe grey shapes moving in triangular formation with the troopship safe in the centre—had helped to keep us in mind of disagreeable possibilities.

And every day, sometimes two or three times a day, the ship's alarm was rung, the bugler sounded the "Fall in," and the troops paraded on their several decks to do raft drill.

There was no mistaking the meaning of that.

But now, it seemed, all danger was past. On the horizon was a smudge that meant Egypt. In an hour or two we should be ashore. And now we noticed that two of the escorting destroyers had vanished, leaving us to the nominal protection of the one that remained.

The order was given that the men were to get down into the hold and retrieve their kitbags, so below we went. When that little job had been done, so far as my party was concerned, we moved about on the lower deck seeing to our affairs, getting our equipment in order, talking and laughing. We were all looking forward to release from the cramped confinement of that weary meandering voyage across the Mediterranean.

Young and his three card-playing companions were deep in their usual game,

(Continued on page 28)

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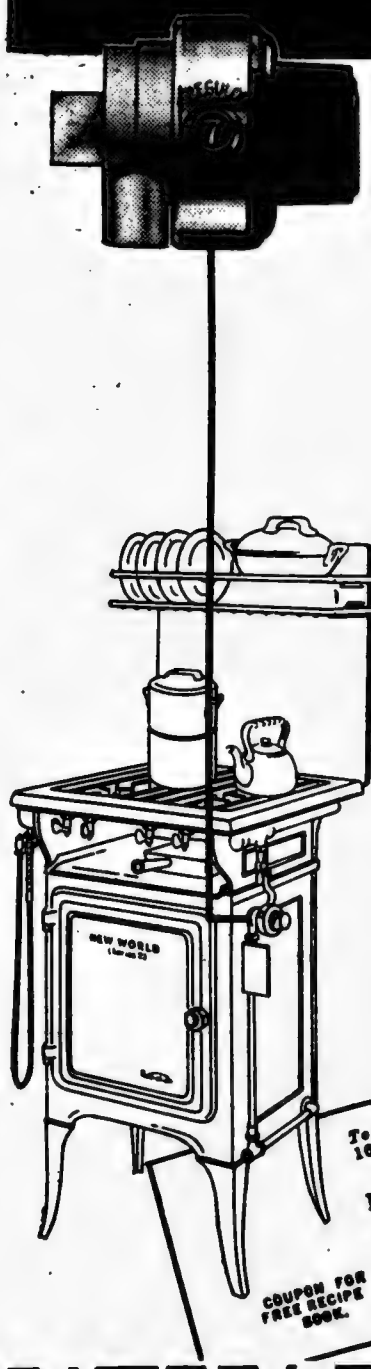

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Continuing:

TORPEDOED *on my* BIRTHDAY

and I sat idly watching them. A dispute arose. The Jewish boy had lost all his money and wanted to mortgage his next week's pay. He was gleaming with excitement, and not to be dissuaded.

"We don't want to do that," said Young. He turned to me, as to an impartial outsider. "What do *you* say, Bullett?"

There was a sudden, tearing, metallic sound deep down in the sunken heart of the ship. She bumped three times, as though descending a series of iron steps, and then was still. Her engines had stopped beating.

There was a moment of shocked silence. And that silence was the oddest thing I had ever experienced: I shall never forget it. Needless to say, it did not last long. Reaching by force of habit for our caps, we crowded towards the hatch, those at the back moving slowly, with necks craned forward, like people eager to get into a theatre.

As I, one of this crowd, went up the stairs towards the strong sunlight, I became aware of somebody shouting down below, shouting in an urgent, furious voice. Glancing over the hand-rope into the great well that went down into the hold, I saw a frantic gesticulating figure about twenty feet below.

Balked at the last stage of his upward journey, he was yelling for the ladder to be replaced. We stared down at him with dazed faces, wondering what could be done; and suddenly he stopped yelling and with demon energy came leaping and climbing upwards like a cat. I was carried on with the crowd.

The ship's alarm was now clanging, and when it ceased for a moment the tale was taken up by a bugle sounding the "Fall in." It was all very much like the daily routine, but with a difference, and the difference made everything curiously unreal, like a vivid impossible dream.

Up the steps, then up again, on to the after-deck. This was our appointed station: the port side of the after-deck, at the extreme end of the ship. I looked about me: at the ship, the sea, the faces. There was no visible sign of damage to the ship, except that she now lay aslant in the water.

She did not seem to be sinking, but doom was in the air. Looking round at the men of my little party I noticed with surprise that every face was drained of colour. Here were Young and Featherstone, among others.

And Richards was here, too: I was nearly forgetting Richards (he was a bank clerk from Bristol, or it may have been Cardiff). We stood about, waiting for the rest of our party, and for orders. In every part of the ship a similar scene was being enacted.

The ship's signaller climbed to his high station and stood like a straight rod, his arms working with a swift mechanical action. His face was white and expressionless.

"There's a minesweeper over there," remarked Richards, at my elbow.

The officer in charge of us suddenly arrived, buttoning up his tunic. "That's right, you fellows. We just carry on as usual."

It was no longer easy to stand upright; the ship was listing heavily to larboard. Elsewhere, boats were being lowered; they pushed off, loaded with nurses.

As the last boat was launched a shout was raised amidships, and two medical orderlies emerged bearing a sick man. The patient was lowered into the boat and received by the nurses. The orderlies stood back and the boat moved away.

As for me and my lot, we stood at ease in our ranks, awaiting orders. The ship's commander, that tall, black-bearded figure on the bridge, lifted a megaphone to his lips and spoke in easy, level tones.

We lowered our rafts, according to the established ritual. Pitched forward by the slanting deck, we had to hold the rail to prevent ourselves following the rafts head first.

Young, always helpful, had assumed command of the situation so far as one raft was concerned. "Come along, chaps. Non-swimmers first."

One by one they went down, the non-swimmers. The first rafts were already drifting away. Two boats from the mine-sweeping trawler were tossing towards them from what seemed a remote distance.

I took off my puttees and boots and emptied my pockets. For some reason unfathomable I did not, however, discard my tunic. Non-swimmers preponderated in this corner of the ship, so I stood idle, uncertain how to proceed.

The world was unspeakably vivid to me. The sensation of being alive was a strong, clear flame. Every detail presented to my eye was sharp and bright. The sea, scattered with small black specks, rafts, boats, the bodies of men swimming, floating, drowning, was a picture crudely melodramatic. Some hundreds of men had already reached and boarded the escorting destroyer: her low, long deck was crowded with them, thick as flies.

And now, so far as I could see, the ship was all but empty of men, though Young was still at his chosen post, waiting to shepherd over the side the two or three of our party who remained.

Before I could form a plan of action the ship suddenly stumbled under me, pitching me on to my hands and knees. Clinging to the rail, I looked over the side and saw far below an empty raft, bumping against the vessel with every wave, and still attached by a rope to the rail.

I climbed over, gripping the rope; loosened my grip and slid down. The rope was like a rod of fire in my hands. I gasped as the water rushed up to engulf me.

At a little distance was another raft, to whose sides a dozen or so men were clinging. I struck out for it. From behind me I heard an explosion amidships, and the air became full of flying fragments.

They fell into the sea, and presently baby-faced Featherstone came by, riding the waves on a mahogany door: he was laughing and singing, apparently in the highest spirits.

Just as I reached my raft I saw out of the tail of my eye that the ship was rearing up on her bows. We were not far enough away to resist the suction, which drew us back under the stern.

We stared up helplessly, expecting that vast bulk, big as a house, to fall and crush us. But that did not happen. Swiftly, smoothly, with astonishing grace, the ship dived. The sea closed over her in a whirl that carried me and my companions of the raft into suffocating darkness.

To emerge into daylight again was like a new birth. To be alive was fantastic. For how long after that, we tossed about with the raft I do not know; it may have been not more than thirty or forty minutes.

"Look! They've got her, too!" said someone.

We stared at the distant destroyer. Black smoke gushed from her funnels. Here and there a little figure, mere specks at this distance, dived from her crowded deck. Five minutes later she went down.

We were picked up eventually by a boat from one of the trawlers. As I struggled on to the deck of the trawler the first person to greet me was Richards, the bank clerk. There were half a dozen drowned bodies lying on the deck, but we greeted each other boisterously.

"I've just remembered something funny," said I.

"What's that?" asked Richards.

"It's my birthday to-day."

It occurs to me as I write that perhaps Richards will come across this story of mine and read it. But there are six hundred men who will never read it, and Young is one of them.

Next Week:

DENISE ROBINS *tells* 'MY TRUE STORY'

MILK puddings with NESTLÉ'S MILK are *richer*

WE THOUGHT WE'D NEVER GET MARRIED
NO, I CAN'T CONSENT TO YOU AND LUCY GETTING MARRIED JUST YET. YOU'LL HAVE TO WAIT TILL YOU'RE EARNING DOUBLE YOUR PRESENT SALARY
OH, DENNIS, DARLING, ISN'T THERE ANY WAY YOU CAN EARN MORE MONEY?
WELL, YOU KNOW, A FEW MONTHS AGO MY FIRM TALKED OF SENDING ME OUT AS HEAD OF THEIR CALCUTTA BRANCH. I'M STILL HOPING-
FRANKLY, WALKER, WE'RE NOT SO KEEN ON SENDING YOU TO INDIA AS WE WERE. YOU SEEM TO HAVE LET YOUR JOB GET ON TOP OF YOU LATELY. I'VE BEEN WONDERING WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH YOU— PERHAPS YOU SHOULD SEE A DOCTOR...
AT THE DOCTORS
YOU GO TO BED EARLY, BUT YOU FEEL SLACK ALL DAY? M'M, YES, THAT MEANS YOU'RE SUFFERING FROM 'NIGHT-STARVATION.' YOUR BODY BURNS UP ENERGY EVEN DURING THE NIGHT, YOU KNOW. UNLESS THIS ENERGY IS REPLACED AS IT IS USED, YOUR SLEEP DOESN'T REST YOU PROPERLY AND YOU WAKE UP STILL TIRED. HERE'S MY ADVICE...
AND SO AFTER TWO MONTHS
ARE YOU STILL TAKING YOUR HORLICK'S EVERY NIGHT, DEAR, AS THE DOCTOR SAID?
RATHER! IT'S GRAND STUFF— MAKES ME FEEL FINE. THE BOSS TELLS ME I'M WORKING MUCH BETTER, TOO. I'LL GET THAT INDIAN JOB YET!
LATER— BOAT TRAIN TO TILBURY
WELL, MRS. WALKER, HOW DOES IT FEEL TO BE MARRIED?
IT FEELS GRAND, DARLING!

ARE YOU SPOILING YOUR CHANCES THIS WAY?

If you arrive at work in the mornings feeling half asleep and seem apathetic and dull, this almost certainly means you are suffering from "Night-Starvation". Your body needs nourishment even while you sleep — it burns up energy all night long. If this is not replaced, naturally you wake up tired — "Night-Starved", with insufficient energy to face the day.

Horlick's taken regularly at bedtime guards against "Night-Starvation" — builds new stores of energy in your body while you sleep. You wake up feeling alert and vigorous in mind and body. Horlick's is light and easy to digest, and has a most fascinating taste. It is economical, too — the milk is in it, add water only. Prices from 2/-. Also the Horlick's Mixer, 6d. and 1/-

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THIS MEANS YOU SLEEP SOUNDLY, WAKE REFRESHED AND HAVE EXTRA ENERGY ALL DAY

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Will you be one of the lucky ones? You certainly must have a try. So send your photograph in at once (a snap will do) with your name, address and age written on the back and a phrase not exceeding 15 words stating why you like Potter & Moore's Powder Cream, to Beauty Editress, "Daily Mirror," 14, Bream's Buildings, Fetter Lane, London, E.C.4. But you must also enclose one little coloured disc—that's *most* important. Any chemist or store will give you a disc free with every jar of Potter & Moore's Powder-Cream you buy.

Potter & Moore's
BEAUTY CONTEST

No. 3 CONTEST BEGINS MARCH 15th

and closes on SATURDAY NEXT, MARCH 21st. All photographs or snaps (with discs) received during this week will be judged in No. 3 Competition and the results published in the "Daily Mirror" on Saturday, March 28th. Opportunity is knocking at your door, Jessie Matthews is waiting to judge *your* photograph, so send it as quickly as possible.

1000 PRIZES A WEEK
. . . must be won! . . .

Breadwinner Wife

A Husband's Conscience

HUMAN DOCUMENTS by PHILIP INMAN

It is wrong that a man, able and ready to work, should be denied the opportunity, causing his wife to ruin her health slaving for the family

THREE hundred and fifty years ago Shakespeare was writing his plays. My readers will remember the lament of Hamlet: "There is something rotten in the State of Denmark."

That outburst does not concern those of us who are living to-day. But there is something rotten in the state of any country that can produce a letter like this one:

I was a coal-miner, but five years ago I had to leave the pit on account of eye trouble. Although I have travelled miles and miles I have been unable to find another job and my wife has been working hard to help make ends meet. But now the shortage of money with which to procure the necessities of life and the worry this has caused is ruining her health and she seems to be wasting away.

And I feel that I am the cause of it all. Here am I, a strong, healthy man (apart from the eye trouble which only prevents me from working underground), eager to do any manual labour, and I can't get a job.

My wife and I mean everything to each other and we have lived happily together for over twenty years. And yet if anything should happen to her I should certainly hold myself responsible. I feel that I have been a failure in life and have therefore made another suffer.

These very eyes that have been the source of all my trouble and anxiety are not too far gone to fill up with tears of remorse to think that through no fault of my own I have ruined another life. The God that I have been taught to love never meant such things to be—too little for many and too much for a few.

I agree with everything this man says about the economic conditions prevailing to-day. In a world of plenty it is a scandal that some folk are denied the necessities of life. It is equally wrong that any man able and ready to work should suffer the pangs and penalties of unemployment.

The day when these things will be put right is long overdue. But depend upon it, that day will come. But that will not help this man in his present trouble. His worry is here and now.

I CAN understand how anxious he is about this breakdown in his wife's health and how bitter he feels at the cause of it. But his unemployment is his misfortune, not his fault. When she married him it was for better or worse, and when his health failed, like the splendid wife she is, she came to the rescue and helped to keep the home going.

My correspondent is certainly not responsible for the present unfortunate position. And he must not blame himself for it. If he does, he will only suffer from depression and that, in turn, will react upon his wife. Because she has been so brave, he must keep so now. If she sees him give way to despair, it will only add to her own troubles.

And remorse is playing havoc with my next correspondent. This letter comes from a woman who a few months ago lost her youngest child—a boy of eight. She asks appealingly: "Do you think that if I had acted differently I might have saved him?" Here is her pathetic story:

I lost my darling boy just eleven months ago, but the grief is still as great as ever—I would gladly die to join him. Five years ago I had to leave my husband because of his mental and physical cruelty and I was compelled to seek help from the Public Assistance. When my child was taken ill I called in the doctor, and after he had been under his care for seven days he sent him into the hospital, where he died the next day from double pneumonia and peritonitis.

Now, I can't help blaming myself. You see, after I lost him all my mistakes came vividly before me. Through my ignorance I had not cared for him as I should have done. I can't help but think that had I kept him warmer the trouble would never have developed. I also wonder if I am not to blame for not seeking medical aid sooner. At odd times I saw he was off colour, but attached no special importance to it.

My life has been so unhappy. I have worked from morn till night for my three boys, and to think that my youngest should be taken from me drives me nearly crazy. Am I wrong in condemning myself or do you think that if I had acted differently I might have saved him?

My correspondent really has two worries. She wonders whether she ought not to have sent for the doctor on those occasions when her child was "off colour." If parents were to do that the medical man would never be out of the house. Children are so "quickly up and down." And often after seeming out of sorts they are soon romping about, full of life and spirits. I don't think, therefore, she need reproach herself on this account.

Then, with regard to this child's last illness. Most of us ask ourselves after we have lost a loved one whether we could have done more and if by acting differently a life could have been saved. We lose sight of the fact that *at the time* we acted for the best. And nobody can do more

But I feel that my correspondent's doubts may be set at rest if she could have a few minutes' chat with the hospital doctor. He would be able to answer those questions which keep recurring in her mind.

AND a step of this kind would have this additional benefit. It would help her to know the best way to act should any emergency arise in the future.

I can understand and sympathise with this mother's heartache. But she should not allow her mind to remain imprisoned in the past. She must remember those two boys who are left to her. They are dependent upon her for their future well-being. In caring for them she will find solace for her sorrow, and I hope she will always be rewarded by their love and companionship.

There is a kinship between this woman and the parent who sends me the following letter:

As the result of an accident while at play, our little son died eighteen months ago. My wife and I both agreed that his body should be cremated, but since then we have worried very greatly on the matter. My wife feels that we have destroyed all hope of our little one ever reaching heaven.

Cremation, she says, has damned him and made it impossible for him to rise from the grave. Try as I can to convince her that everything will be all right in the end, it is of no avail. She is becoming a physical and a nervous wreck. But good guidance and advice may yet save her, and that is why I am appealing to you.

I can quite see what has happened in this case. The sad circumstance of that little boy's death has brought on what psychologists call "a nervous complex." In plain words, it means that all kinds of misgivings and uncertainties arise in the mind. In this particular case it has taken the form of doubting the wisdom of cremating his little body.

I would point out to this mother that she is making a very common mistake in thinking of the next world. After all, the body is really only the husk of a loved one which has served its purpose and fulfilled its mission.

IT is just like a precious vase which arrives in a packing-case. It matters not what happens to the case when the contents have been removed.

And so with our bodies. It is the mind and the spirit that live on. If a body is buried it turns into dust. Cremation is simply more hygienic and a way that is widely preferred to-day.

This little boy has passed from the material world into the spiritual one. One day his parents will join him and I am sure they will know him then just as clearly as they did on earth. I hope this assurance will bring a measure of consolation to my correspondent and his wife.

Send your private problem to "Humanist," at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, enclosing stamped envelope. £1 1s. will be paid for each letter quoted.

She Was A Nervous Wreck

"I was a complete nervous wreck," states Mrs. E. Burrell, of 12, Marriott Road, London, N.10. "Continually depressed and miserable, I often used to sit and cry for no reason at all. I could neither eat nor sleep, and worried about everything. I was too helpless to do my own housework. I lost so much flesh that I became like a skeleton. In addition to headaches, I had pains all over me.

"Then I started taking Dr. Williams' pink pills and soon began to improve; my appetite came back and I felt much happier. Every day saw an improvement, and now I feel better than I have ever done in my life. I sleep well; the shocking headaches and pains have disappeared and I can go about and enjoy myself."

There is a scientific reason behind the wonderful results obtained from Dr. Williams' brand pink pills. In simple language it is this: these pills actually create new rich blood, and this new blood gives life and energy to every part of the system. Get a new zest for life by taking a course of these pills now; 1s. 3d. a box (triple size 3s.)—but ask for Dr. Williams. [Advt.]

Your mirror will *prove* this TRUE!

If your mirror has been hinting that your complexion isn't all it might be—suspect constipation. But don't let that worry you into taking harmful drugs or pills. Just eat two tablespoonfuls of Kellogg's All-Bran every day. In cases of chronic constipation, eat it with each meal.

All-Bran contains "bulk" which gently clears intestines of wastes and impurities which are ruining your complexion.

All-Bran also contains Vitamin B and is rich in blood-building iron. In a short while your mirror will tell a different tale—a tale of clear, fresh complexion and sparkling eyes.

Kellogg's All-Bran is a delicious cereal food. Serve with cold milk or cream. No cooking. Sold by all grocers.

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Kellogg's ALL-BRAN

the gentle, natural way to relieve

CONSTIPATION

111

Mrs. Miles

is probably the B.B.C.'s most ardent admirer. Her passion for Commander King-Hall is, of course, common knowledge, and she wouldn't miss her evening tryst with Ambrose for the world. So that when her husband offered her the world, in the form of a new Ferranti All-Wave Receiver, and dilated on the fun of listening to foreigners, she was a little alarmed. She imagined that she would be compelled to listen to dance music played by exotic instruments and talks uttered in outlandish tongues, but she soon found that the new set brought her all her pet performers with greater ease and certainty and with more faithful reproduction than ever before.

Mr. Miles, however, is one of these gypsy listeners. There is nothing he likes better than to roam around the world for his entertainment, and no set could indulge this preference better than his Ferranti All-Wave. It is plus the 19–51 short-wave band, which means that he can listen to programmes *in English* from important Continental centres—Italy, the Vatican, Germany, Russia, the League of Nations—Stations *not receivable at all* on ordinary sets. On Sunday, too, he is offered a wide range of listening, day and night, although Mrs. Miles doesn't think it is quite right that he should be able to overhear the amateurs who operate on the 19–51 waveband, and which *he* finds highly interesting and amusing.

Ferranti All-Wave Receivers are suitable for A.C. Mains only.

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A grateful S.R.N.

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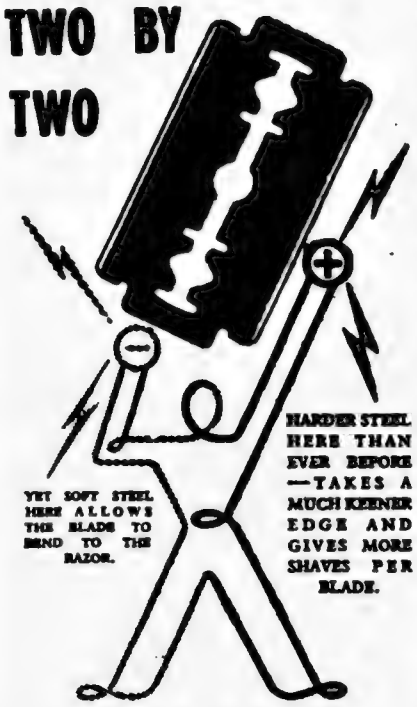
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This is a special News-Bulletin for men who value their appearance and hair-health besides! Yes, the news is BRYLCREEM and the best of news it is too... the perfect Hair Dressing at last! Fixes the hair *naturally* and nourishes scalp and roots at the same time. It's the blended oils and tonic-ingredients that do the trick, and it's non-sticky, too. Great stuff . . . get some to-day.

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ORDEAL of *Jury*

IT was the hour before the latest Manchester Assizes. Judge's bench, public gallery, dock—all were empty.

Only in the body of the court, where counsel usually sit, was there any sign of activity. *A ballot was in progress*

There was even the hat from which names were to be drawn, looking strangely ludicrous in such austere surroundings. Officials of the court were grouped behind it, to see fair play.

And at last the draw began. . . .

No wonder the twelve people whose names were first to come out of the hat looked anxious and perplexed as they filed to a long, low bench indicated to them. No prizes were awaiting them there.

They were to be the jurors of the Ruxton case, chosen by this age-old method of the law from the jurors summoned to give their attendance at the court. You had only to look at their faces to see what an ordeal confronted them.

For a fortnight—it could be little less and might even be longer—they were to be torn away from their homes, their work, their loved ones, the normal routine of their lives.

Never, during that fortnight, could they have human contact with anybody save each other. When they bathed, it would be with a jury-bailiff at the door of the room. They would live in an hotel, but so segregated would they be that it might be a monastery.

They would be allowed to walk the streets, yes, but in ordered fashion, like schoolgirls, with officials to see that even if anybody wished them a "Good morning" they would not return an answer. They might get to the kinema, too, just once or twice, but under what conditions?

The films would have to be the sort unlikely to influence the judgment of men charged with the task of deciding the fate of a fellow-being accused of murder. They would have to sit together, too, far away from any other member of the audience. Why, even if they wanted to buy sixpennyworth of chocolates from a girl attendant they would have to do so through one of the watchful officials accompanying them.

This is the irksome aspect of a duty which, in their hearts, jurymen are proud to perform.

IT is so with every jury impanelled for a murder trial. It always has been. No wonder those twelve "winners" of the Assize Court ballot looked worried when their names came out of the hat.

Ordeal of jury. . . . It really is an ordeal still, although courts no longer visit personal violence on their jurymen, as they used to do in the bad old days when a judge was displeased with the verdict.

Then judges had short shrift for a jury that couldn't agree. It was bundled into a cart and drawn in the wake of the justices, mocked by spectators, to the borders of the county, where the twelve good men and true were unceremoniously tipped into the deepest ditch, to the delight of the spectators.

In those days, too, a Recorder sitting at the Old Bailey was so incensed when a jury returned a verdict of "Not Guilty" that he sent it back with the warning that something dreadful would happen to it if it didn't come to some common-sense decision.

Again, again, and yet again it came back with those words "Not Guilty." For three days the Twelve were incarcerated in a freezingly cold room, without a fire, denied even a crumb of food or a taste of water, in an effort to break their spirit.

And still they stuck to their guns, although the judge sent them to prison for a long spell for their pains.

No, there are no such ordeals now, but that is not to say that there are not hardships of another kind.

There is damage to a man's business, for instance, a matter of little or no importance in the days when time was not so important a factor in the earning of a livelihood. Many a little man has told the judge: "But I shall be ruined, your Lordship, if I am away from my business for so long," only to learn that the judge can give him no relief whatsoever.

"I am sorry, but I have no power at all to issue special payment," said Mr. Justice Macnaghten sympathetically to a jury in a recent case that applied to him for help for the relief of hardship. "All I can give is exemption from jury service."

Even if service stands between a man and his job, he must still serve. There was the case, for instance, of a man earning £3 a week who was confident he could land a job worth £350 a year if released from his jury duty to keep a certain appointment. But he had to serve—and go back to his £3 job.

Being tipped into a ditch full of the filthiest water would have been infinitely preferable to that man!

So it would to a Midlands leather factor who had been contemplating for some weeks the visit to his town of a leading Continental buyer who he felt sure would place an order with him worth some thousands of pounds.

One day he received a jury summons, and, studying it, woke up to the dreadful fact that he would be serving on a jury when that foreign visitor was in his town.

It was a sad hour for him when, looking up to the public gallery of the court in which he served, he beheld the foreign buyer looking down interestedly at the court case. Two minutes with that man, with his samples laid out, and what he might do! Yet if he had tried to communicate with him by as much as a wink or a wave of the hand there would have been trouble.

FAR more worried, however, must have been the juryman who received news that a first-born had arrived at his house while he was actually sitting in court, and who could not go home to see the babe until it was five days old.

Regular messages as to the progress of the mother and her child were conveyed to him, of course. Always arrangements can be made to free a juryman or jurywoman when the life of somebody near and dear is in danger, usually by getting all parties to agree to the case continuing with a jury of eleven.

There is humour, sometimes, in the anxieties and worries of a man or woman sitting on a jury. And many of them have to do with the fact that there is a censorship on both the letters sent and the letters received by the people called on to reach a verdict in a case of murder, treason or treason-felony.

There was the man, for instance, to whom the jury-bailiff explained that the judge himself would read all the letters he received, and had made arrangements to have the outward mail read as well.

"Could I write a note to his lordship explaining that my girl has always used rather extraordinary terms of endearment to me," he asked. "I don't want him to think we are all like those people whose letters are read in a court during breach of promise proceedings."

Yes, it is an anxious, wearying life, serving on juries such as these—with no financial reward at all at the end of it.

The jury in the Armstrong poison case had a fortnight of it, locked away in a school while the scholars were on vacation, with card and other table games as its chief solace—if we can exclude the ration of beer that is allowed every jury, and the amount of which varies with each district.

The Rouse jury stayed at an hotel where a gramophone was its biggest comfort.

It was a North of England jury that protested that younger members were walking the older men off their legs when they took their airings.

JURYMEN, it has been said, are the people who have benefited least from law reforms.

It is nothing for people summoned to serve on common juries to be kept hanging about courts for a week or more, losing wages or profits in many cases, for a mere eightpence or a shilling, sometimes to find that they are only wanted in court for a few minutes.

Harder still the case of those juries that get nothing at all and must be locked away from the world—as remote as lighthouse-keepers—with the grim duty of deciding the fate of a human being at the end of it all.

Even to-day a court official has to undertake that the Twelve shall have "no meat, drink or fire" while they are considering their verdict. Lucky for them that in this respect at least our judges can look at that undertaking with as blind an eye as ever Nelson put to a telescope!

The jurymen must remain virtually "under lock and key" until their case is ended

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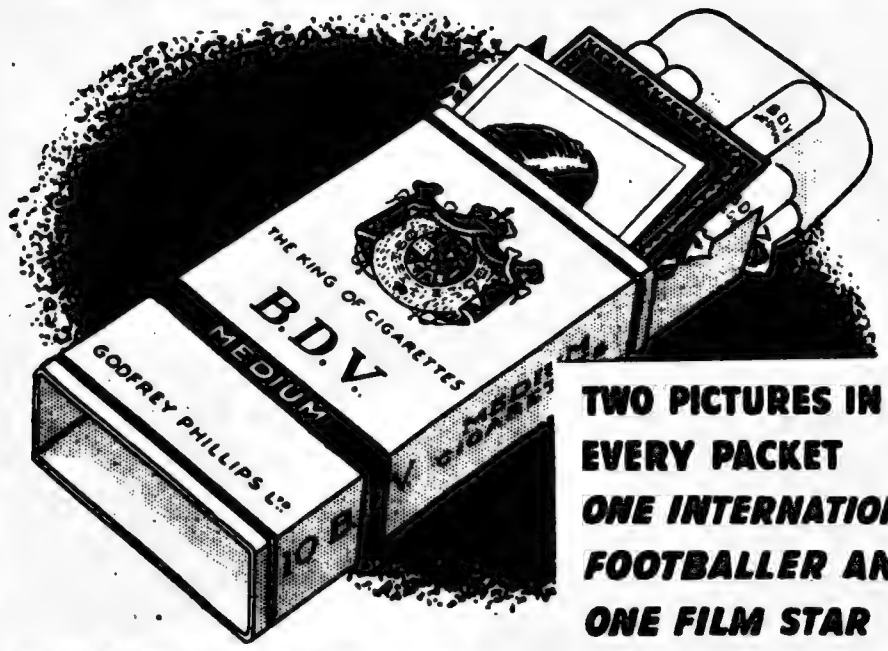

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The man she loved and won . . .

. . . a very eligible bachelor was he! Yet though many more beautiful girls in her set unashamedly pursued him, it was to her subtle charm that he finally succumbed. And she herself will be the first to admit how much she owes to Aziadé (pronounced Azi-r-day)—the clever new perfume all smart moderns are using.

It comes in a tiny compact that's easily slipped into a corner of one's handbag. Consisting of the highly-concentrated essences of freshly-picked flowers, Aziadé is economical. A single touch surrounds you with fragrance for hours, and of course there's no bottle to break or liquid to spill or evaporate. Choose Aziadé in your favourite perfume from the following: Jasmine, Violet, Lilac, Carnation, Chypre, Gardenia, Lavender, Sweet Pea, Mimosa, Lily of the Valley, Rose, Narcissus, Santal, Wallflower, Spring Flowers and Eau de Cologne.

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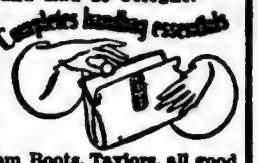

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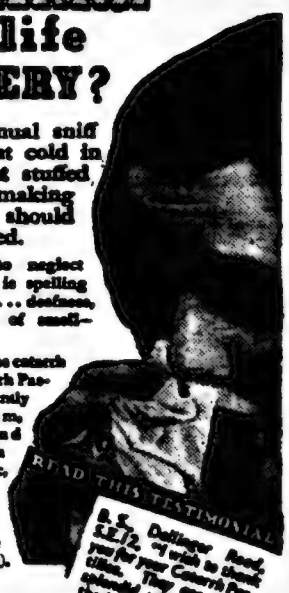
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A.S., S.E.12. Dulwich Road, "I wish to thank you for your Catarrh Pastilles. They are really splendid when 'cold' in the head threatens."

THAT continual sniff ...that constant cold in the head...that stuffed up feeling... making life a misery should not be tolerated.

It's dangerous to neglect CATARRH ... it is spelling for trouble later... deafness, head noises, loss of smell—and worse.

End this continuous catarrh with Potter's Catarrh Pastilles. They instantly melt the phlegm, clear head and throat, and act as a powerful antiseptic, (vital when travelling in trains, tubes, 'buses, trams or where infection is present).

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POTTER'S CATARRH PASTILLES

Twenty-five Years . .

UP *the* ESCALATOR

IT happened in London's more magical days, when the White City and Earl's Court Exhibitions were in competition, and their water-chutes, coloured fountains and hundreds of other thrills were drawing millions from all over Britain.

Crowds passing through Earl's Court station on their way to one or other of the exhibitions saw a group of men at the foot of an imposing staircase. Stopping to watch, they saw—but surely it was impossible!

One half of the staircase began to move upwards and the other down. Officials ascended or descended from one floor level to another without a single movement of their leg muscles.

And as for the stairs themselves—well, they just seemed to melt away in thin air whenever they reached the extremities of their travels.

An optical illusion? No, you had only to listen to the heavy thuds whenever one of the testers missed his footing and fell heavily to know that this was not the case.

Here was a moving staircase—Britain's first, if you will except a crazy contraption on the lines of the fairground "Cake-Walk," publicly exhibited two years before, and which carried people who paid sixpence each for the sheer joy of being flung into a heap at the top.

The Escalator—the Expresscalator is the name London underground railway officials have given to the newest, faster model—had arrived!

That was just twenty-five years ago. And in three or four weeks the London Passenger Transport Board will mark the anniversary by sending a squad of men armed with picks and hammers to Earl's Court station to demolish that first Escalator as an unwanted, out-of-date thing that has outlived its purpose.

Provincial people will remember as well as Londoners the early days of that contraption which helped to inaugurate the era in which legs are becoming more useless to us every day.

WHY, within six months London's "moving staircase" was even better known throughout the towns and villages of the kingdom than the Tower or London Bridge.

Strange stories were carried back to remote parts of whole families gathered up in the clutches of this monster and carried quickly and relentlessly to their deaths. There was even a man kept on the premises to remove the dead and injured, according to one wild report.

As more and more of what became known as "A type escalators" were erected over the Underground system, people contemplating a visit to London made enquiries as to whether maps could be bought which would enable them to dodge these engines of destruction!

"Can you tell me the nearest station to such-and-such a place that hasn't got a moving staircase?" was a question every policeman was called on to answer. And as for those lion-hearted pioneers willing to take a risk. . . .

Well, who can forget their nervous little hops as they essayed their perilous journeys, their comical little efforts to regain their balance, the looks of growing terror as the end of the journey came nearer, the final desperate side-step on to *terra firma* and the inevitable drunken totter that might or might not end in a heavy crash to the floor.

Always the railway company had to keep emphasising the fact that fixed staircases were provided for people who were afraid of the moving ones.

Twenty-five years ago. And now, with that earliest model doomed to destruction, let the truth be told.

Not a single life has been lost in an escalator accident since the first of them was opened to the public. Fewer people have been injured on them in all that time than at any London street corner of any importance. What accidents have happened have been very trivial affairs.

A drawing of the first moving-staircase, at Earl's Court Station. It's still there!

Yet to-day the London transport service has 137 of them, the newest able to travel at 180 feet a minute, twice the speed of the earliest models.

Each is capable of carrying 9,000 passengers an hour at a speed of only 100 feet a minute. And altogether they travel an aggregate distance of more than 2,550 miles a day—the distance across the Atlantic.

Not even the London Passenger Transport Board, which to-day owns more escalators than any other organisation in the world, can tell you much about their early history.

An endless belt was installed at the Paris Exposition of 1900, not so much to carry people uphill as to provide them with a thrill—and that model seems to have been the forerunner of the moving staircase

There have been many improvements since the revolving belt idea was thought of—one of which you have helped to bring about.

You may not know it, but *your* weight, on a descending staircase, gives the requisite amount of lift to a person a stone or so lighter than yourself who happens to be travelling on the upward staircase.

All day long the people who are going down are helping to carry to the top the passengers who are going up. A "boosting" electric motor is needed, of course, otherwise the Underground railway technicians might reasonably claim to have discovered the secret of perpetual motion. But the power necessary is probably one-twentieth of what people imagine it to be.

PERHAPS you have wondered what might happen to you if the whole endless belt arrangement snapped in half. The two broken ends would *not* fall inwards, throwing you into a grinding mechanism below!

If it could break—and it couldn't—the crack would be scarcely perceptible. Every moving part would come to a standstill. And you would be left standing on an ordinary fixed staircase.

Any passenger can stop the new models by plunging a hand into a disc. And perhaps one of the best improvements of all is the comb that gently strokes the passenger off at the end of his journey, even when he is engrossed in his paper and has forgotten he has got to step off.

In testing new designs, the railway organisation leaves nothing to chance. Officials put crutches under their arms to see whether the new pattern is one that might endanger cripples. They carry monster parcels up and down, lead dummy dogs, hold the hands of children made of sawdust and canvas.

Everything a passenger is likely to do in making normal use of an escalator is done by testers over and over again before a new model is ready.

And the result? Well, in the words of an official of the London Passenger Transport Board to JOHN BULL: "Nobody ever complains to us nowadays about escalators. The vast majority of people regard them as quite safe."

ONE day, perhaps, we shall not get into trains or buses at all. We shall step on to moving pavements near our homes. They will carry us to downward escalators which will feed us on to belts that will carry us, via an upward escalator and more moving pavements, to our offices.

Escalator experts have already worked it out in model form. And there would be no risk. You would come to a standstill from twenty miles an hour by stepping on to a slightly slower belt and then one a bit slower still until, finally, you would come to rest or change to a moving pavement going in another direction.

Not yet, certainly, for remember that it was only twenty-five years ago that people used to go to the top of London's first moving staircase to "watch the fun."

STOMACH PAINS ARE WARNING SIGNALS

Never dismiss lightly a twinge of pain or a feeling of discomfort in the region of the stomach. Nature is trying to tell you that all is not well with you. If you do not heed her warning, you may have to pay very dearly for your neglect and delay. Nearly all stomach pains arise from acidity. Call it what you like—wind, gas, flatulence, distension; you can trace them to excess acid. The real danger is that neglect of an acid condition results in gastric and even duodenal ulcers and, as most people know, the surgeon's knife becomes a very real threat.

Sure and speedy relief can be obtained, even in long standing cases, by taking Macleans Brand Stomach Powder after meals. This powder, known as the "signature" brand because every bottle carries the signature "ALEX. C. MACLEAN," has been the salvation of thousands. Never a day passes without a fresh tribute to its benefit being received by Macleans Ltd. Don't delay another day if your stomach is causing you anxiety. The "signature" brand will soon put you right. 1/3, 2/- and 5/-, in bottles in cartons. Powder and tablets. Never sold loose. [Advt.]

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or *double your money back*

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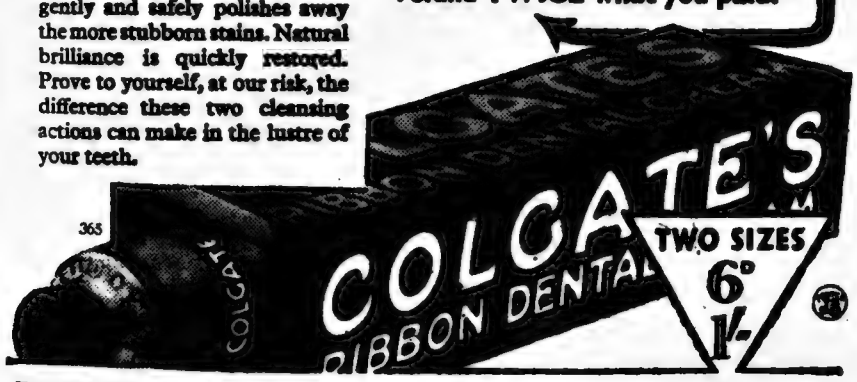
Buy a tube of Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream. Use it twice a day. When it's all used up, if you don't admit that your teeth are cleaner, brighter than ever before, send the empty tube to Colgate's, Ranelagh Rd., London, S.W.1, and we will refund TWICE what you paid.



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FIGHT COLDS

WHERE COLDS FIGHT YOU..

With the direct double-action of this powerful ointment

Colds usually attack in the nose, throat, and chest. That is the place for you to fight colds. You can—by simply rubbing Vick brand Vapour-Rub on the throat and chest at bedtime.

Penetrates—*To Ease Congestion*

Instantly, there is a warm, comfortable tingle in your chest as the ointment begins to "draw out" the tightness and pain and break up the congestion.

Vaporizes—*To Clear Air-Passages*

At the same time, its healing vapours carry soothing medication direct to the inflamed air-passages. They clear the clogging mucus—let you breathe easily again.

ALL NIGHT LONG

while you sleep, this powerful two-way action continues. By morning, almost always, the worst of the cold is over.

VICK VAPOUR RUB

New! PREVENT Many Colds!

Vick Chemists have just perfected a remarkable new formula—Vick-Vatronol brand Nasal Medicament—specially designed to aid Nature's defence against colds. At the first sign of "stuffiness" or irritation in the nose, *where most colds start*, quick!—a few drops up each nostril! Its stimulating medication helps to prevent many colds altogether or to throw them off in the early stages.

CONSTIPATION

Can Be Conquered

Yes, even the most stubborn case of constipation will yield to the right treatment—but it is useless to have recourse to violent purgatives which only achieve their object by "shock" methods. These weaken the whole system and, apart from the obvious danger involved in their continued use, invariably aggravate the trouble by their "binding" effect.

What is needed is a systematic course of a mild antacid laxative; 'Milk of Magnesia' is admirable for this purpose. It never occasions the slightest discomfort; its mild action cannot possibly cause strain to the most delicate. It is definitely not habit-forming. In addition to its mild laxative properties it has the most beneficial effect on the entire digestive tract. In remedying indigestion it removes the very cause of constipation.

Get a bottle of 'Milk of Magnesia' from your chemist to-day. Take it regularly for a week, adjusting the dose as directed to your needs. You will be delighted with the all round improvement in your health and well being. Thereafter an occasional dose, say at intervals of a week, will provide all the prompting that your system needs. Once you have tried this gentle, safe relief, that doctors so strongly recommend, you will never use anything else. Be sure to get 'Milk of Magnesia' which is the trade mark of Phillips' preparation of magnesia. Of all Chemists: Prices 1/3 and 2/6. The large size contains three times the quantity of the small. Now also in tablet form 'MILK OF MAGNESIA' brand TABLETS 1/- per box—family size bottle 2/-. Each tablet is the equivalent of a teaspoonful of the liquid preparation.

Clogs AREN'T Dead Yet!

"Clogs will never die out, for there is no better footwear for the Lancashire mills"

LANCASHIRE without clogs. . . . Mill girls who will look little different from their sisters in London shops, Luton hat works, Nottingham lace factories!

That is the prospect painted by social workers who say Lancashire folk are becoming "too respectable" for the shawls and rough footwear beloved by generations of their forefathers.

Clogs wear out silk stockings, they say. They disturb the "talkies." They are entirely out of place on the dance-floor, except for the artist who does the clog-dance as a speciality turn. They don't fit in with an age when girls imitate Elstree or Hollywood.

And so they will die, probably the shawl with them—joint victims of the sophistication that is spreading even into the remotest hamlets of the country.

There will be silent mornings in the mill towns instead of that characteristic clatter of wooden soles reinforced with iron striking sparks out of the cobbles when the chorus of factory hooters sound the call to the mills. Visitors would miss that most of all.

And the Lancashire lass immortalised in song and drama might well become a legendary figure—if what the prophets say is true.

But is it? The plain-spoken Lancashire man is not in the least alarmed. "Clogs'll none dee aht," he says. "Thee bet thi shirt on that!"

NO, clogs will never die out, even in the unlikely event of Lancashire losing its liking for them. Only people who got the entirely erroneous idea in their heads that they are bought because of some old-fashioned custom, or to save pennies, will ever believe it.

They are the most waterproof of all footwear for a damp county—damp in its climate and even damper still in its industries. That explains their adoption with the dawn of the industrial system, and their continued existence.

There is no better footwear for the mills—which were built in Lancashire in the first place because of the natural humidity, and with so much artificial humidity added that the floors are often damp.

There is certainly no better footwear for Lancashire's mines, many of them among the wettest in the country.

And think of the damp grain of the breweries. . . . Brewery workers all over the country have imitated the footwear of their Lancashire colleagues. And of the wet floors of the Warrington tanneries. . . . There first, and later in the tanneries of Bermondsey and elsewhere, the wooden-soled boots with the irons attached were soon found to be the best for the job.

THERE are the brickfields. Although most of the "carrying boys" prefer to brave wet ground barefooted, their grown-ups favour the clog. In pottery and tile works, where more or less the same conditions rule, the same boots are worn.

And in the plate-glass works in particular, where sand and water is strewn over the floors of the grinding and smoothing sheds until it often makes a slush, are workmen who would prefer to alter the cobbler's adage to: "There's nothing like *wood*."

And Lancashire people—by their very natures as lacking in side or snobbery as any folk in the country—are certainly not going to discard their working shoes at the mill or factory to walk through the streets in leather. No, not even if the streets were as dry as the Sahara instead of having the reputation of being the wettest in the country.

Lancashire knockers-up rouse their patrons early. Factory whistles scream out their orders far earlier than in most towns. To get a regular wage-packet there you must be early astir. And what a great aid to punctuality is the clog that can be slipped on without lacing—the conventional clip is fastened in a second—and the warm shawl that can be thrown over the head in a jiffy!

There, then, is ample justification for the clog. If more is wanted there is the fact that it finds a living for one of the most picturesque types of British craftsmen, men whose skill came to them from fathers, grandfathers and great-grandfathers, and who—for all this prophecy about the clog dying out—are bringing up sons to follow in their footsteps.

Most of them work in garden sheds or ordinary parlours converted into workshops. Few have the luxury of a shop-window.

In the old days these workshops used to be meeting places for local people to whom conversation was a fine art, for the clogger preferred to talk at his work, and his talk was always entertaining. Even to-day in some of the busy smaller towns the cloggers' shop is still a social and political centre for the exchange of yarns and philosophy.

Most interesting of all the people engaged in making Lancashire's special kind of footwear are the solemakers, who usually prefer to specialise in this most important of all branches of the trade. They have travel—and plenty of it—to widen their experience.

Saturday night sees them setting out with their lorries for some spot where alder trees can be bought in ton lots, often as far away as Cumberland, and on Sunday night they are back at their doors again with the stock necessary for the week's work, which often amounts to as many as a thousand soles!

Centuries of water will not rot alder wood. That is why it is used as supports of the Rialto at Venice, and of buildings in Amsterdam, where it has had to withstand centuries of immersion.

Watch a clogger at work. You can imagine few processes more primitive.

The only "machinery" consists of a sort of sword of great pliability, which is moored to his bench at one end, and, grasped by the hand at the other end, manœuvred to slice in any direction.

One moment he is using it to hack lumps off a rough log. Then as a sole takes shape, his work becomes more and more delicate. At the end—with the same sword-like device—he is making a sort of step round the edge of the sole that you could not cut with a fine penknife.

The fixing on with braid and tacks of the upper of "kip" or "split leather"—it fits into that step he has cut in the sole—is child's play compared with that.

HERE, then, is the picturesque figure who will have to go out of business if Lancashire ever deserts the clog.

But will it? Certainly not because Lancashire girls like Hollywood heroes and heroines, silk stockings, dances and the like, although the clog suffered something of a set-back years ago in Manchester and one or two coastal towns.

No, Lancashire as a whole is as loyal as ever to the footwear it has favoured so long.

The clog-maker will continue to wield his sword, his friends to gather round and listen to his philosophies, his customers to make the town noisy with their walking.

"The Greatest of These—"

Daddy Dies

Stella

TWO-AND-A-HALF-YEAR-OLD Stella frets for her dad. But her ex-Service father died a few weeks ago. He used to earn from £3 to £4 a week, and received a pension of 12s. for heart trouble.

As his death was not due to his war disability, but to pleurisy, his widow cannot claim a war pension, and as he was not in an insurable occupation, she is not entitled to the ordinary widow's pension. She has to fall back on help from the Public Assistance Committee for herself and her eight children.

Stella's mother suffers from her nerves and chest. Also, three of the children have coughs, and her thirteen-months-old baby has bronchitis. She finds it difficult to provide firing to keep them warm.

Donations earmarked "Stella" and those for the General Fund should be addressed to the Hon. Secretary, JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Lists of subscriptions are kept at the office, and a copy of the current week's will be sent on application.

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soothe them with

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INSTANT RELIEF FROM PILES

Few complaints cause more pain and distress than Piles. Apart from the physical disability, there is always the mental strain of endeavouring to keep the trouble secret as long as possible. Sufferers will not frankly seek advice for Piles as they would for other ailments, yet it is such a simple matter to cure the trouble easily and painlessly in the privacy of one's own home. The MAGIC BRAND PILE CURE—a doctor's formula—will instantly relieve the pain and irritation of swollen piles. Its soothing action will reduce protrusions, check hemorrhage, and rapidly heal, no matter how bad the condition.

Mr. P. Hale, of 31, Bradley St., Cardiff, writes:—"I have much pleasure in reporting a complete recovery after using your MAGIC PILE CURE. Words cannot praise this wonderful remedy enough. I had suffered from Piles for two years, had tried everything, and spent pounds trying to get ease from my suffering—all without result. Now, within three weeks of trying your MAGIC PILE CURE all pain and swelling has gone. It is hardly credible, unless one has suffered from rectal trouble, to appreciate what your cure has done for me in so short a time. It is, as you claim, a 'magic' cure for all rectal troubles, so easy, clean and dependable, I consider it worth its weight in gold."

The MAGIC PILE CURE has been used and recommended for more than 25 years; there is nothing "just as good" for the treatment of internal, external, blind and bleeding piles. It relieves where all else fails. For a generous FREE SAMPLE send a postcard to:

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Hull – – 55-57 Wright Street
Ipswich – – 27 Westgate Street
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Leeds – – – 6 Lower Briggate
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Leicester – – – 8 Haymarket
Liverpool – 55-60 Church Street
Maidstone – – 3 The Broadway
Manchester – 28-36 Oldham Street
Nelson – – 43 Scotland Road
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Newport, Mon. – 78 High Street
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It's Easy to Pay the Jay Way

MOTHER'S SECRET WORRY

"I give my baby the same care. Why isn't he as strong as my brother's child?"

"IT breaks my heart," writes a Ruislip mother, "to see how thin and pale my baby is beside my brother's plump, rosy-cheeked child. My sister-in-law gives her baby Scotts Brand Emulsion, but I give my child a liver oil preparation, too. What can be wrong?"

Mothers would be spared untold anxiety of this kind if they understood one important fact—that some of the things given to children put too much strain on their delicate stomachs.

Among those indigestible things are most winter tonics. And it doesn't make them any easier to digest if the oil in the tonic is mixed with something else or given a few drops at a time. The oil, which your child needs so much, may even pass through his system undigested and so do no good!

That's serious, because children obviously must have a liver oil tonic in winter. So the only way to give your child his liver oil is in the one digestible form. As an eminent Research Body has discovered: **"Only when liver oil is given in the white creamy form of Scotts Brand Emulsion can children wholly digest the oil and so get all the body-building goodness they need.** Within 30 minutes after a spoonful of Scotts Brand Emulsion enters your child's stomach, every drop has gone to strengthen his whole body, and particularly his chest and lungs."

Wonderful change in a child

That explains how important it is to think of your child's digestion when you go to the chemist's to buy him a winter tonic. It stands to reason that liver oil will do good only if it is digested. Therefore take care you get *Scotts Brand Emulsion, the one easily digested form of liver oil*, and see how your child begins to fill out, eat heartily, sleep like a top and grow as sturdy as the little Brixton boy whose mother writes this letter:

"I used to fret myself ill over baby. He was so frail and caught cold at every change in the weather. But now I bless the day my neighbour recommended Scotts Brand Emulsion. My David began to pick up within a fortnight and now he's the bonniest child in our street."

Get Scotts Brand Emulsion from your chemist to-day and watch the difference it makes to *your* child!

Evidence for Doctors and Nurses

The above facts were revealed recently by an eminent Research Body working in London. The official report is available for inspection by the Medical Profession at 10, Stonecutter Street, E.C.4.

Scotts Brand Emulsion contains finest cod liver oil of guaranteed vitamin potency with glycerine and hypophosphites of essential mineral salts. (Dose for dose, the vitamin content is equal to that of standard medicinal liver oil.) Biological tests show that Scotts Brand Emulsion is completely absorbed in its original form straight from the duodenum into the thoracic duct within 30 minutes. On its absorption this emulsion carries in bile, which restimulates the liver and strengthens the digestion.

ONE Man's Meat . .

The smell of a certain flower may be pleasant and harmless to thousands, while highly dangerous to a few. This also applies to different foods, medicines and scores of other everyday things with which we come into contact

A HUNDRED million people all over the world grow chrysanthemums or place the cut flowers in vases about the house. And no ill-effects follow.

Then some flower-lover one day arranges a special show, puts nose to gaily-coloured blooms, and soon after contracts a serious and painful disease.

There was such a case recently at Brighton. The chrysanthemums had caused the disease.

Why?

Asked this question, Science can do no more than state the fact that it is so.

What is pleasant and perfectly harmless for the overwhelming majority of people is poison for one in 100,000,000.

When an individual reacts in this strange way to some common animal or vegetable thing, Science calls the peculiarity an antipathy or idiosyncrasy. This gives a name to the fact, but no explanation of it.

Milk and eggs are fine things for growing children. Few would dispute this fact. Indeed, it can be proved in many ways. We can check the increase in a child's weight on a good milk diet; and eggs, as we all know, "are full of meat."

Why, then, does one child, now and then, resolutely refuse to touch either article of diet? He is unable to explain why, but merely asserts that he hates them.

When this happens, wise parents do not force the disliked article on the child. But others do. And they are surprised when the child is promptly sick.

NATURAL aversions from articles of diet arise, not from natural naughtiness in children, but from a natural dislike. The body, for some reason yet to be explained by Science, will have nothing to do with these particular articles of diet and promptly rejects them.

But it is not always disliked articles of food that are rejected by the body. There are food antipathies known to the body, but unknown to the individual.

Many people, for example, love shell fish. But when some succumb to the temptation to eat of them they are promptly poisoned. In certain cases shell fish act like arsenical poisoning, bringing about violent agonising symptoms.

There is no scientific explanation for this. Nor is there one for the fact that there are people who enjoy beef and mutton, but are poisoned very promptly by any meat of the pig.

Even more inexplicable than the poison property of certain foods for certain people is the queer fact that even smells and the air breathed may have the most astonishing effects.

For example, there are cases of people who are thrown into convulsions by the smell of ambergris or musk; and others who feel faint in the neighbourhood of an ordinary sachet powder.

Plants and grasses are frequent causes of illness, and are often unsuspected by the victim.

There are many cases of sufferers from painful forms of facial skin disease whose disease has disappeared when the wall ivy about the bedroom window was removed. The theory is that it is the pollen that chiefly causes discomfort or actual disease in people with these strange antipathies.

Take asthma. This disease takes the form of a spasmodic contraction of the bronchial muscles and makes breathing exceedingly painful and difficult. Take an asthma case from the country to a big city and it often improves and is sometimes actually cured.

For a long time the part played by air was a complete mystery. It is so no longer. Simple tests have proved that asthma is often caused by air-borne pollen, as is hay fever.

So, too, the asthmatic finds that if he sleeps on a feather pillow he wakes with a bad attack. The dust from all feathers are poison to his nervous system. To-day, more than six hundred specific causes of asthma are known, each one being a specific antipathy from such simple things as pork, the hair of animals, sea ozone, and so on.

In these cases, whenever the cause is traced, the cure is simple, provided the sufferer can move from the "poisoned" air, or avoid the "poison" food.

Many sufferers from asthma who have been perplexed by the erratic way in which the disease appears and disappears will realise at once that a change of mattress, or the acquisition of a family cat or dog, may make all the difference. There is something in the emanations of the hair of these and other animals that is rank poison to those with an idiosyncrasy against them.

Here, for instance, is a strange case. A girl with a perfect skin one day found an outbreak on her neck. She could not account for it, neither could her doctor.

In the end, and quite by chance, she discovered that this outbreak recurred every time she brought into her bedroom a pot of primula.

A similar peculiarity has been found to exist with anæsthetics. Chloroform, an anæsthetic in use for many years, has for that odd person, the one in 50,000,000, the power of a deadly poison. If such an individual is put under it, he will be violently ill or may even die.

COCAINE, very rarely, has a remarkable effect on the patient, bringing about a sudden collapse. There are people who, after taking a moderate dose of quinine, lose temporarily the sight of their eyes.

For a reason not yet explained, children can stand twice the amount of belladonna and calomel that adults can; but adults can stand twice the dose of opium the average child can tolerate.

Nicotine, one of the slowest of poisons, is for some a very deadly one. There is, for example, a recorded case of a boy dying of two cigarettes.

Aniline dyes sometimes find the individual with an idiosyncrasy. Generally it comes to light when, after wearing furs treated with these dyes, the wearer develops a form of dermatitis.

Carbolic and mercury disinfectants are everyday articles each of which is antipathetic to certain people. So, too, are arsenical preparations used medicinally. They have been known to cause blindness.

One of the strangest medical mysteries of modern times was linked up with this peculiarity of certain people.

RUSSIAN peasants, in pre-war days, were found often to contract a disease that resulted in gangrene. No explanation was forthcoming until it was found that they often ate black bread when fungus had formed on it. This fungus contained ergot, and people with ergot antipathy develop this strange condition.

The point one has to bear in mind, of course, is the rarity of most of these unexpected reactions of the body to everyday articles and objects.

For the vast majority they are good: it is only to that very exceptional odd-man-out that they are a source of discomfort, illness or actual danger.

No More Grey Hair
If you are grey, you look much older than you should. Restore the natural youthful colour by using Valentine's Extract, which stains grey hair to any shade of brown, or to black. Harmless, lasting, does not soil the linen.—SAFE AND SURE. Suitable for men or women. Of Chemists, 1/3, 2/6 & 6/- per bottle; or post free from J. G. Valentine, 44a, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.1.
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Cherry Blossom Boot Polish contains oils which replace the natural nutriment that the skin received when on the animal's back. It feeds the leather, keeps it pliable and ensures a well-preserved condition that prolongs the life of shoes and helps them to retain their smartness.

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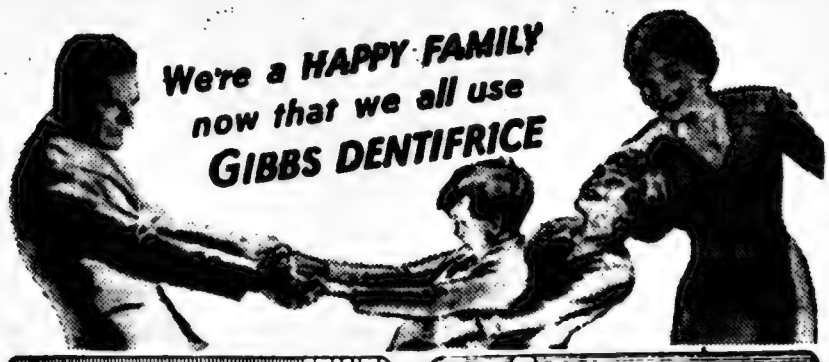

"Poor tired Daddy," said Muriel, "You're like the boy in the Gibbs Fairy Story who was being poisoned by Giant Decay." But Daddy didn't really believe the Fairy story.

However, Mummy gave him a Tin of Gibbs and he thought "May as well use it." The Gibbs fairies soon overthrew Giant Decay who had not really settled in properly.

Next morning Daddy felt much livelier and there was a lovely fresh taste in his mouth. "Can a dentifrice make all that difference?" he thought, and went on using GIBBS regularly.

Both he and Mummy were soon convinced. For now his teeth look fine—he feels brighter and is always ready for a happy romp. ALL the family use Gibbs Dentifrice now.

A healthy mouth and you are well on the way to all-round good health and happiness. Gibbs Dentifrice cleans the teeth and mouth perfectly but is harmless to the enamel and mouth tissues. Its slight antiseptic foam kills decay germs in every hidden corner of the mouth—toning up the gums and leaving a delightful feeling of freshness. Make sure of strong, beautiful white teeth for each member of your family. Change to Gibbs today.

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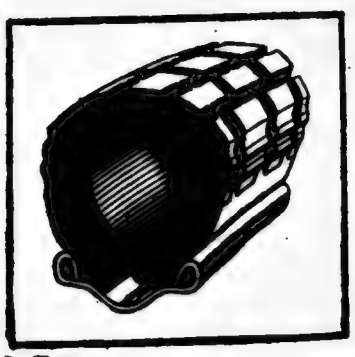

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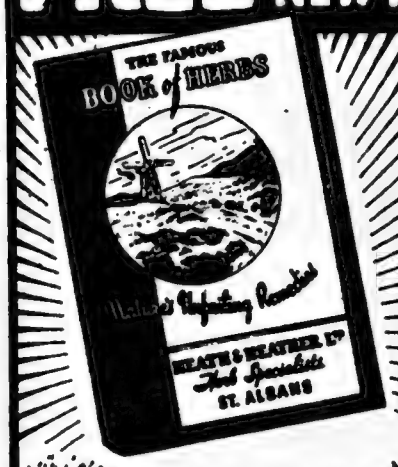

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GERMOLENE is now obtainable in a
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Write to John Bull About It—

Runaway Father

MY children, too, have a "runaway father." Yet my marriage was a happy one until my husband proved to be a secret drinker. He met every remonstrance with violence and would let the two children and myself starve so long as he had money for drink.

After six years I obtained a separation order and found work as a teacher. He made one payment, then was arrested for juggling with his firm's money. After serving his sentence he was again jailed for theft. On being released, he disappeared—and in the sixteen years that have elapsed no one has heard of him.

Soon afterwards I was befriended by a young man who pitied my plight. With his help I moved from a small room to a house where I could teach by day and take in washing by night, though his aid was furtive, since he would not compromise me.

Reduced to poverty and loneliness by the runaway father

Years of unremitting toil enabled me to keep the children at a good school, and for all those years my friend has waited for my freedom, wasting his manhood. We dare not marry for fear a man who hadn't even the animal's instinct towards its young might be alive somewhere.

Mrs. K., Suffolk.

[We must thank this correspondent and others for their kind gifts of money and clothing to the reader whose story, "The Runaway Father," appeared in our issue of February 29.—EDITOR.]

Worse Than Penniless

My two children and I are left in the house, penniless, with notice to leave. My husband has pawned everything of value—even the baby's christening present—and as the furniture is on the hire-purchase I cannot sell enough to pay expenses.

He was a schoolteacher, I a nurse, when we married six years ago. Time after time I have paid his debts, have done my utmost to keep him from drinking our happiness away. I have endured mental anguish as well as humiliating scenes with his creditors.

Now he has gone, and I shall be forced to go to the relieving officer on Monday. Also, of course, I must summon him in the police court, but I have little hope of getting anything from him, since he has been suspended from his job.

Why should women in my position be tied for life to such men?

M., Berkshire.

Ten Years

I have to work twelve hours a day to keep my four children. But my husband, from whom I have been separated for ten years, has not allowed me a penny in all that time. Once he was imprisoned for arrears, but that automatically wiped off the debt. Once, too, I applied for divorce, but could not get sufficient evidence to prove his misconduct.

Yet he admits he could give me enough evidence for "twenty divorces," but will not do so. So I must toil on hopelessly—because I had the misfortune to marry a scamp.

HELPLESS, Charlton.

Life's Struggle

After my husband left me in 1927, I worked until my health broke down, then took in boarders, but have been handicapped by my younger child being an invalid. The other girl, now fifteen, won a scholarship, and it has been a struggle to live.

My husband has been to jail for arrears, and I want the maintenance order increased, but I cannot prove his income—nor can the public assistance committee.

I have just finished paying a doctor's bill for more than £3, have another for £9 to meet, but *he* escapes.

MOTHER, Barnsley.

Telling the World

Through exceptional circumstances I was unable to pay my rates on the fixed date, but would have done so within a few days. Imagine my indignation when a peremptory demand note came from a firm of debt collectors.

But what riled me was the inscription on the envelope, "If not delivered, please return to Messrs. ———, Debt Collectors." Now, if that postman had been given to blabbing!

And is it not insulting, even if one is—

"HARDUP," Fife.

Deceptive

A reader complains that before an inspector visits a mine everything is put in order. The same is true of nearly all the smaller factories. When it is known that an inspector is arriving, machines which are not properly guarded are hastily stopped and said to be out of order.

Boys are taken off jobs they should never have been on, and the inspector finds that everything is seemingly correct.

ONLOOKER, Newcastle.

Code for Children

The Highway Code does not appear to be a "best seller," and attempts to educate the present generation of road users seem fruitless.

But an effort must be made to enlighten future generations on the dangers of road traffic, so let us start by teaching the Code in every school.

Swimming is one of the compulsory subjects taught in many schools. Isn't a knowledge of life-saving on land as important to millions who have to risk their lives in the streets?

F. T., Hampstead.

The Army's All Right

The complaints concerning Army pay by your "Corporal" reader are very wide of the mark.

A young soldier joining to-day can secure the following increases: 3d. a day on obtaining a second-class education certificate, a further 3d. a day after twelve months providing he has reached the recognised standard of efficiency, and after three years a further 6d.—making his pay 3s. a day.

For personal clothing and necessaries he draws an allowance of 11s. 6d. or 12s. 6d. a month, and deductions for laundry and clubs never exceed 10s. a month.

OLD SOLDIER, Keith.

Graft

I am shortly embarking on an estate development scheme, which will necessitate the making of five miles of roads. In my dealings with several local councils I find the same cause for complaint—graft.

Their officials work on specifications which stipulate the makers of supplies or insist on an "approved" maker—the latter wording leaving the approval (and the pockets) of the inspecting official quite open! If a maker cares to raise his prices by 25 per cent. and pay 10 per cent. to the inspector, the estate developer must nevertheless use his goods.

INDIGNANT.

Slipshod Doctors

Attention should be called to the slipshod manner in which school doctors often carry out their duties. I know of youngsters, after having several teeth extracted with no injection of any kind, being forced to walk across a wind-swept playground in order to reach water with which to rinse their mouths.

Such lack of consideration almost amounts to wilful cruelty.

C. CREED, Bath.

[This is not the first complaint of the kind which we have received.—EDITOR.]

Our Veteran Police

Thank you for revealing the Police College folly. My husband joined the police force at twenty-one, is now thirty-four, and passed the examinations for sergeant's rank at the first attempt. Yet he is still in the same rut; the exams. and his length of service have made no difference.

Why are elderly inspectors and sergeants allowed to serve after their time expires? Why are they not forced to retire on pension and so give younger officers a chance?

More important still, why are they not made to pass a test to see if they are worth retaining?

POLICEMAN'S WIFE, Staffs.

WRITE TO JOHN BULL ABOUT IT!

One guinea will be paid for the best letter and half-a-guinea for every other published. Mark envelope "Readers' Parliament."

Race with "Silver Ring."

BIGGEST GAMBLE

THE Imperial Cup, Sandown Park's thousand-pounder, as usual, presents one of the biggest problems of the jumping campaign.

I am going to be very bold by suggesting that Henri's Choice will win for Mr. Ben Warner.

Henri's Choice has no right to be alive, as he fell and broke his neck twelve months ago. A veterinary surgeon took him in hand and made a good job of him.

I noted Henri's Choice at Newbury recently. He is as good as ever.

The Hurst Park Trial Chase comes up for decision this week-end. My choice is Avenger; if absent Ego. Note Fairyhill and Spanish State for minor events.

"SILVER RING'S" CODE.

The Code covers racing from Thursday, March 12, to Wednesday, March 18.

B A K X U Z R 98 N 96 G E D V H J
1 95 S O Y 97 L W T F 94 M P Q C 93

In place of the letters or figures advertised in the *Sporting Life* and *Daily Herald* read those above or below as the case may be. Example: 95QMT94ML would read AVENGER. Where a double letter occurs in a name the figure 2 is substituted. 9895YSX2 would read WAUKOO.

48-PAGE GARDENING BOOK
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RICHARD SUDELL,
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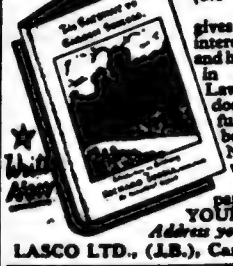

gives some very useful and interesting hints on gardening and how to obtain better results in Flowers, Vegetables, Lawns, Herbaceous and Indoor Plants, in this beautifully illustrated 48-page book.

No garden lover should be without it. It is quite FREE to readers of this paper. Send a postcard for YOURS now—while they last.

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WARNING. The Public is warned against purchasing worthless imitations.

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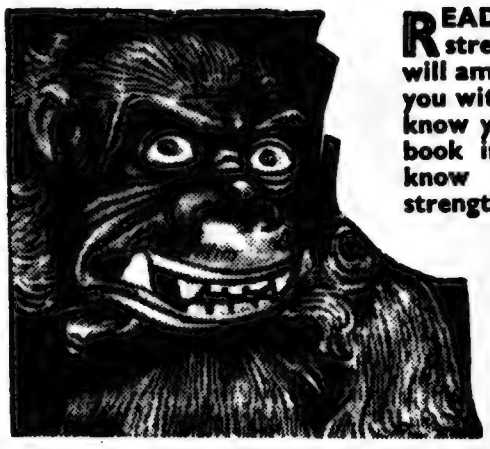

READ the most sensational book on strength ever published. This book will amaze you with its facts—startle you with its possibilities. You don't know you're alive until you get this book in your own hands. Do you know what gives a gorilla the strength of 10 men? Do you know why strength and virility are connected? It will answer questions you have hardly dared to ask yourself, and you can get a copy FREE—if you hurry. Fill in the Coupon NOW, this minute, and post it TO-DAY!

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ANNOUNCEMENT

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About Your Indigestion

... *Is your trouble*

Diagram of Stomach, Intestines and Heart.

HERE Painful distension of the stomach by gases from fermenting food. Excess acidity is the trouble. Flatulence, heartburn and palpitation are the symptoms.

HERE Inflamed or ulcerated stomach. The continual action of hot stomach acids on the lining of a weak stomach eventually causes painful inflammation (gastritis or dyspepsia), and in extreme cases, stomach ulcers.

or HERE Duodenal ulcers. Excess outpouring of stomach acids attack the lining of the duodenum. Agonising gnawing pain is the symptom. This pain often disappears after a meal, only to recur with agonising intensity shortly afterwards.

De Witt's Antacid Powder **Firstly** neutralises the excess acid and renders it harmless to the inflamed stomach. The pain of flatulence is relieved and there is an immediate feeling of well-being.

Secondly the Colloidal Kaolin protects the inflammation or ulcers in the stomach from the burning acids, but allows the ordinary work of digestion to go on.

Thirdly, another ingredient actually digests a portion of your food, taking a further load off the weak stomach.

Persistent use of De Witt's Antacid Powder regulates the system so that you can digest your food. There is no excess acidity and pains vanish.

So every day that you put off getting a supply of De WITT'S Antacid Powder means another day of unnecessary suffering for you.

DE WITT'S ANTACID POWDER

Sold by all Chemists and Stores, price **1/6**

If you live in agony from piles, get MAN ZAN Brand Pile Remedy. Nothing so quickly ends the dreadful irritation, the weakening pain and banishes pile trouble for good. Get your supply of Man Zan in its easy, clean-to-use tube. Use it and be pile free and happy again. Man Zan costs but 3/- for the big supply.

BACKACHE

Kidney Trouble is the Cause

Only those who suffer can realise the utter misery, the maddening torture, the dreadful weakness that backache brings. Yet thousands of sufferers go on in their chronic pain and weakness until perhaps they have to give up, becoming bedridden; mother unable to carry out her daily duties; wage-earners lose money; pleasures just a thing of the past. Sufferers, you must realise that Backache is Nature's urgent signal of deep-seated trouble within the body—Kidney Trouble.

Weak kidneys—yes, that is what makes life a misery for so many, many people, although they do not know it. Are you going to stay crippled by pain, or will you prove how quickly, how surely and permanently you can end your trouble by taking De Witts Brand Kidney and Bladder Pills.

They are a safe and sure remedy in all cases of

RHEUMATISM BACKACHE
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JOINT PAINS LUMBAGO
DISTURBED NIGHTS
or any Urinary Irregularities

De Witts Pills, in 24 hours, show you how they have acted directly on the kidneys. If you will only persevere, their blood-cleansing, tonic action will rid your system of the poisons and impurities that cause your pain. Then your backache goes, your rheumatism is ended and life seems good once more.

Remember this. De Witts Pills are made for the one purpose only—to end the pain and weakness caused by Kidney Trouble. They are not just ordinary pills or salts that pass through the bowels out of the system. They purify the blood and build up health, strength and vitality. De Witts Pills go to the seat of the trouble—the kidneys. Get relief to-day by getting the genuine

DE WITTS BRAND KIDNEY & BLADDER PILLS

Prices 1/3, 3/- and 5/-

Gardener (Parkstone).—"Every time I look into my garden there is a fresh item of interest there."—And do you throw it back over the fence?

TED (Staines).—"Her words cut me like a knife." Evidently she spoke sharply to you.

VETERAN (Cambridge).—"I'm still motoring at ninety." Surely not in the built-up areas!

ESSAYIST (Bloomsbury).—"Wealth is a poison." The average wife makes a splendid antidote.

BIRD LOVER (Staines).—"Can you guess how much seed I have thrown out for the birds this year?" Pecks.

MISS N. (Salisbury).—"The man I marry must be poor, work for me and build up a home for me." Ah! a bricklayer.

A. E. J. (Ipswich).—"I don't know whether to make a tennis court or a croquet lawn on my square garden." It is just as broad as it is long to us.

C. S. (Taplow).—"It was bitterly cold while I was fishing and, to make matters worse, the fish were not biting." Never mind, the air was.

CARPENTER (Gillingham).—"The first thing I showed my apprentice was how to set a saw." Then you set him to use it?

BETTY K. (Thetford).—"I've just started to collect the autographs of famous theatrical folk." In the initial stages of stage initials?

JACK (Widnes).—"My wife's recipe for making strawberry jam is much shorter than my mother's was." Boiled down, perhaps.

HARRY B. (Liverpool).—"For the last twenty-five years I have arranged every match my team has played." So by now you are looked upon as a fixture?

SAFETY FIRST (Knockholt).—"The only solution to overcome the difficulty of danger in the event of fire is to make another exit." That's a way out.

BOB (Ringwood).—"I think I would get a thrill by coming up to your office and causing a disturbance." You would certainly get a kick out of it.

M. G. (Ely).—"My new gardener is inclined to be officious and cheeky." Then let us hope that all your crops will be just as forward.

C. K. (Ilford).—"I have no time for a dog that doesn't take a nip at people now and again." In the tailoring business?

J. T. (Ealing).—"Although I am only a very small man, being just four feet high, I nevertheless have a most important job in taking responsible notes at meetings." We know! A minute secretary.

P. H. (Shoreditch).—"If you leave your car in the street for a couple of hours or so while it is freezing hard, what do you find when you want to drive away?" A policeman, very often.

N. B. (Boscombe).—"I delayed writing the letter until too late, so decided to deliver it myself. Unfortunately, in getting my car out I failed to clear the gateway." So you caught the post, after all!

IF you are troubled by any matter—except, of course, of a medical nature—you can obtain free expert advice that will help you. A stamped and addressed envelope is all that you have to send with your query. Write to-day. The replies given on this page to facetious correspondents are for your entertainment.

The Editor Laughs Last

SIDE-SLIPS

Examples of unconscious humour from the current Press are welcomed. Actual cuttings must be sent. 2/6 is paid to the sender of each item published. Mark envelopes "Side-Slips."

WEST LANCASHIRE EVENING GAZETTE:—"The Mayor said it would not be wise to discuss the matter in public. It was referred to a CUB-committee. . . ."

GRAVESEND AND DARTFORD REPORTER:—". . . ran out easy winners by two goals to TWO against . . ."

THE PETERBOROUGH STANDARD:—"The case was brought as a warning to others that they must NOT stop at a Belisha crossing."

NORTH-EASTERN DAILY GAZETTE:—"Apart from the spectacular RAIN caused by floods, it operates in more insidious ways."

THE EDINBURGH SPORTS DISPATCH:—". . . it was FOOL-blooded, first-time Cup-tie football."

THE EVENING NEWS:—". . . where ——, after a brilliant piece of midfield passing, put a FOOT over the crossbar."

THE LEICESTER MERCURY:—"Novel Plan to Save Mine from Food Peril."

The Fragrant Minute

CHEER UP!

IN the dumps, can't think why. Cannot smile, want to sigh. Feel distressed—awful blue. Felt like this, haven't you? Not one single soul to care—life seems more than one can bear. Troubles seem to pick one out, faith's misplaced by sullen doubt, hope is banished by a fear, can't find comfort, can't find cheer—heart is sore, awful blue—felt like this, haven't you?

In the dumps—don't know why. Can't escape them—going to try! Yes, I'll fight to show I've grit. Soon feel better, quite a bit! Gone that scowl, smile instead. Look! The sun shines overhead.

Didn't notice it before. Not so blue, not so sore. Now the day's hard work is done, wasn't bad—quite good fun. Mumps and measles of the soul. But I'm healed, am well and whole. Life is sweet. Found this true. Felt like this, haven't you?

Wilhelmina Stitch

"John Bull" Copyright

LUMBERMAN (Ontario).—"I have a diary in which I keep details of the timber I handle each day." A log book, eh?

INSTRUCTOR (Birmingham).—"The skating beginner invariably makes one slip." That is, if you don't dodge him in time.

B. P. (Dublin).—"I simply hate having a coat full around the bottom." We dislike holes in our pockets, too.

BOARDER (Kensington).—"What do you think of it—every bit of china on the table is badly chipped?" A bit off.

C. C. (Harborne).—"Marriage originates when a man meets the only woman who really understands him." So does divorce.

H. G. (Bude).—"I am growing only dwarf peas in my garden this year." Can't you stick the other sort?

GEORGE (Poole).—"After I had finished tarring the hut I had several more hours' work." Taking it off yourself, probably.

BOXER (Bournemouth).—"Boxing audiences get very excited and are apt to get carried away." And so are the contestants.

P. H. (Benfleet).—"I must confess it, the audience was not very interested in my description of an artesian well." They probably found it too boring.

DORIS (Keighley).—"How do you account for the fact that my chilblains haven't given me half as much trouble this year?" Perhaps you haven't had half so many chilblains.

A. W. (Fulham).—"Imagine my surprise on finding that the man I had knocked down was a friend whom I had not seen for years." Yes, it is strange how one runs into people!

NUMEROLOGIST (London, E.C.).—"Do you believe that certain numbers have a benign effect on people's lives?" We don't know about that, but we are certain that wrong numbers have a definitely opposite effect on people who use the telephone.

G. P. (Dungeness).—"What are 'our feathered friends?'" Beds.

A. J. (Dawlish).—"I always burn all my bills as soon as they have been paid." Some people don't wait as long as that.

MOTHER (Peterborough).—"My two children came out of hospital on their birthday." Happy returns, then.

TED J. (Coatbridge).—"What should a bright home-knitted tie go with?" The utmost despatch.

T. Y. (Burntisland).—"There is one game one would never expect a ferryman to play." Bridge?

DOCTOR (Islington).—"There is a good deal of danger in drinking-fountains." Well, that's all right, we never drink fountains.

S. C. S. (Ipswich).—"Before I married I pictured us having a snug little home but we haven't." So you're facing cold reality.

MECHANIC (Falkirk).—"My chance of getting the job depends on whether or not I can remove the wheel of a car." We trust it will come off for you.

T. G. (Beccles).—"In order to keep the stray cattle out of my garden I have cultivated a holly hedge round the house." It certainly has some points in its favour.

PLAYWRIGHT (Chelsea).—"Let me say, once and for all, that this is the twentieth century." There! We knew it would leak out!

TOM (Harrow).—"The only things necessary in this world are ability and a cheque-book." But you have forgotten the account.

H. D. (Gosport).—"She addressed me scornfully as Lance-corporal, knowing all the time that I am a full Corporal." That was rank injustice.

T. L. (Basford).—"I can make barrels and similar receptacles quicker and better than any of my brothers." You make rings round them?

FARMER (Lothians).—"When I told my niece from the City to draw a pail of water, what do you think she asked me for?" An artist's pencil.

FISHMONGER (Islington).—"I have a scheme for opening a shop solely for the sale of smoked fish, such as haddock and kippers." So it is all cut and dried.

D. O. (Rochdale).—"The slightly broken jar was supposed to be a 'genuine' antique, which proved to be a fake." It was not what it was cracked up to be.

G. D. J. (Bristol).—"You will never catch a modern journalist napping." Unless, of course, he happens to be a racing expert.

P. T. B. (Manchester.—"After all, what is there in London that Manchester hasn't got?" Enter this week's best *Bullet* and JOHN BULL will show you—the First Prize on page 47 has gone up to £1,500 cash and a Millionaire's Cup Final Week-end for Two.

C. C. (Barnstaple).—"I can't help my gas bill being heavy, for I must have it burning in my bedroom all night to get any rest." You're a light sleeper, then.

(Many replies unavoidably held over)

YOUR WIFE NEEDS THESE THINGS.

SCIENCE and invention to-day brings into every home the use of many modern labour-saving appliances, and the ease and low cost by which two important ones—a Vacuum Cleaner and an automatic controlled Gas Cooker—can now be secured deserves the special attention of all readers, particularly at the present time. On the Front Cover of this issue is an important announcement, which does away with the back-breaking drudgery of Spring-cleaning, and on Page 27 particulars of a Gas Cooker, which cooks a meal by itself—you simply set the 'Regulo,' put the meal in the oven and go away until it is cooked. Free information and further particulars will be sent to readers who fill in the coupons in these announcements. Do so now!—No obligation is entailed.

The General chewed a FEEN-A-MINT & constipation was defeated

Feen-a-mint is the favourite family laxative; thorough and safe; delicious mint flavour. Get a packet from your chemist. For a free sample send your name and address and 1½d. in stamps (to cover postage), to White's Laboratories Ltd. (Dept. S.5), 15, Thames House, Westminster, S.W.1.

Painful PILES

Eased in 5 minutes

Within five minutes of the first application of 'Nemolin' Ointment you will have relief from irritation and burning pain. In two or three days congestion and inflammation subside and the piles are much diminished, whilst a complete cure is assured to those who persevere with this simple, cleanly treatment. 'Nemolin' Ointment is always sold under a guarantee of satisfaction or money back. Price 3/- of all chemists.

IF YOUR BREATH HAS A SMELL YOU CAN'T FEEL WELL

Unless 2 pints of bile juice flow from your liver into your bowels every day, your movements get hard and constipated and your food decays unnaturally in your 28 feet of bowels. This decay sends poison all over your body every six minutes. It makes you gloomy, grouchy and no good for anything.

Your friends smell this decay coming out of your mouth and call it bad breath. Laxatives and mouth washes help, but you must get at the cause. Take Carters Brand Little Liver Pills. They get those 2 pints of bile flowing freely and then you feel on the "up and up." Ask for Carters Little Liver Pills and get what you ask for. 1/9d. and 3/-.

Should Women Powder In Public?

"Heavens, no! The smart up-to-the-minute maiden never keeps dabbing away with a powder puff. She uses a powder containing mousse of cream. *It stays on.*" We asked 500 men. 484 of them said they simply hated to see a woman powdering in public. It really is *quite unnecessary* to-day. Mousse of Cream—the Tokalon patent ingredient —makes powder stay on for 8 hours at a time. In the hottest restaurant—or during a long evening's dancing—your face will never need touching up *if you use Poudre Tokalon*. And your complexion will be as fresh and lovely at the end of the evening as when you left your dressing table. Try a box of Tokalon Mousse of Cream Powder to-day. 6d. & 1/-

You need never hesitate to buy goods advertised in "John Bull"—they are all Guaranteed.

The "John Bull" Guarantee appears on page 27.

Stop all COLDS CHILLS PAINS for 2d

Why pay more? Beechams Brand Powders are indeed the Finest Health Value in the World! Their wonderful combination of medicaments makes them QUICKER-ACTING, more CERTAIN in results, because of their special powder form. Beechams Powders cost only 2d. each but the relief they bring makes them "worth their weight in gold" to all who are in the grip of Colds, Chills, 'Flu, Feverishness, Headaches, Rheumatism, Sciatica, Lumbago, and other Winter Ailments. You'll like the taste of Beechams Powders too. Their pleasant aromatic principle renders them most agreeable to take. Get some to-day.

Cartons of 8 Powders 1/3. Single Powders 2d. each.

Beechams Brand Powders

NOT LAXATIVE
Sold Everywhere
A BEECHAM PRODUCT

Act Like Magic

CHEST COLD REMOVED OVERNIGHT!

Simply rub on this clean, stainless ointment. You'll feel its glowing, healing warmth doing you good at once. Next morning the cold will be gone. It's this "deep healing" which is the secret. Better than a mustard plaster—it will not burn or blister. Don't suffer a day longer. Get a jar from your chemist today. Costs 2/6d. but is very economical as owing to its great penetrating power, you use very little at a time. Once you have tried it, you will never be without it. It is a regular "family friend."

A Westcliff-on-Sea user says:—
"I am writing to tell you how much my family and I have benefited by your wonderful preparation, Musterole Brand Mustard Ointment. It is truly remarkable how the most stubborn chest cold yields before it. I really believe that Musterole is infallible."

At all Chemists 2/6

MUSTEROLE BRAND

MUSTARD OINTMENT

Gives certain relief in cases of CHEST COLDS, COUGHS, SORE THROAT, CONGESTION, MUSCULAR RHEUMATISM, ACHES AND PAINS IN BACK, STIFF MUSCLES, etc. Has saved thousands from PNEUMONIA after FLU and COLDS.

Musterole Fine Products Co. Ltd., 4 Old Swan Lane, E.C.4.

NOW READY PRICE SIXPENCE

THE GUIDE TO THE BEST RESORTS

An illustrated, descriptive guide giving over 6,000 hotels, boarding houses and apartment addresses in L M S Holiday resorts.

On sale at all L M S stations, bookstalls, town offices and agencies.

(Scottish Holiday Guide price 3d ready early April)

ENORMOUS NEW PENSION-PLUS-FORTUNE PRIZE FOR 'JOHN BULL'S' ENTERTAINING CROSSWORD

£25 WEEKLY FOR LIFE and £600 OR £850 CASH

£100 BETWEEN RUNNERS-UP

ADDITIONAL SURPRISE AWARD BETWEEN RUNNERS-UP FROM WHOM 'JOHN BULL' RECEIVES MORE THAN ONE SIXPENNY COUPON IN SAME ENVELOPE

CLOSING FRIDAY, MARCH 20.

NEW HELP FOR CROSSWORD COMPETITORS

To facilitate the filling up of Crossword Squares and still further extend the scope for skill in our Competition, we present our Puzzle in an improved form this week.

Completing the Squares is now merely a matter of filling in letters in ink in the normal manner and the Terms and Conditions show clearly the basis on which to decide your Answers.

PRESENTED on this page is the ninth of JOHN BULL'S entertaining Crossword Puzzles; you are invited to exercise your skill and knowledge by completing it with the guidance of the Clues provided.

Aptness and accuracy of Answers in relation to the Clues form the standard of excellence by which entries will be judged, and all decisions will be based on the Answers of Competitors. This judging will be carried out under the supervision of an Adjudication Committee, consisting of the following:—

The Editor of JOHN BULL;

Doctor Lascelles Abercrombie, Litt.D., D.Lit., M.A., Goldsmiths' Reader in English, Oxford University; and

Mr. C. E. M. Joad, M.A. Oxford, Head of Department of Philosophy, Birkbeck College, University of London.

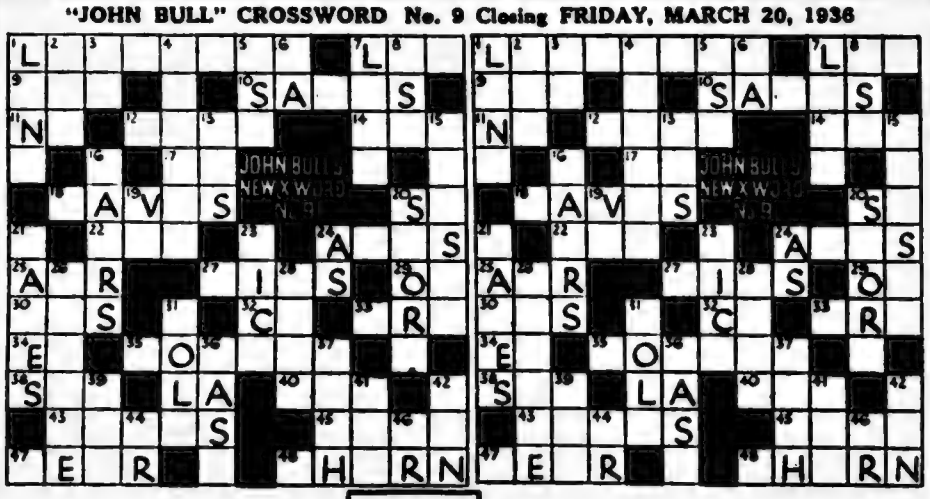
Each entry received will be carefully considered, and the First Prize-winner will be the competitor who on one entry square has completed the Puzzle and has given what in the opinion of the Adjudication Committee is the best set of Answers to the Clues provided. And this set of Answers will constitute the Winning Puzzle Square.

If at any points in the Puzzle where a choice of words exists the Adjudication Committee decides that no one word submitted can be preferred on the test of aptness and accuracy, then competitors there using words of equal merit as Answers will be regarded as having tied at these points, which will be duly indicated when result and Winning Puzzle Square appear in JOHN BULL published Thursday, April 2, 1936. The reasons which decided the Committee's Award will be published in "John Bull's" free weekly *Crossword Gazette*, obtainable as instructed on this page. The Second Prize will be awarded to the competitor whose entry is next in order of merit. In the event of a tie or ties, the appropriate cash prize will be equally divided, but not more than one cash prize will be allowed to one entrant upon one coupon.

Acceptance of the findings of the Adjudication Committee in regard to the most meritorious entries and of the Editor of JOHN BULL in all other matters is a condition on which entries are accepted and is legally binding on all entrants for this new Crossword Competition.

★ THIS COMPETITION IS OPEN TO ALL READERS

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 9 Closing FRIDAY, MARCH 20, 1936



In entering this Competition, I agree to abide by the rules and conditions as final in all matters and I enclose

P.O. value..... No. .....

ENTRY FEE for 2 Squares 6d.

SIGNED .....

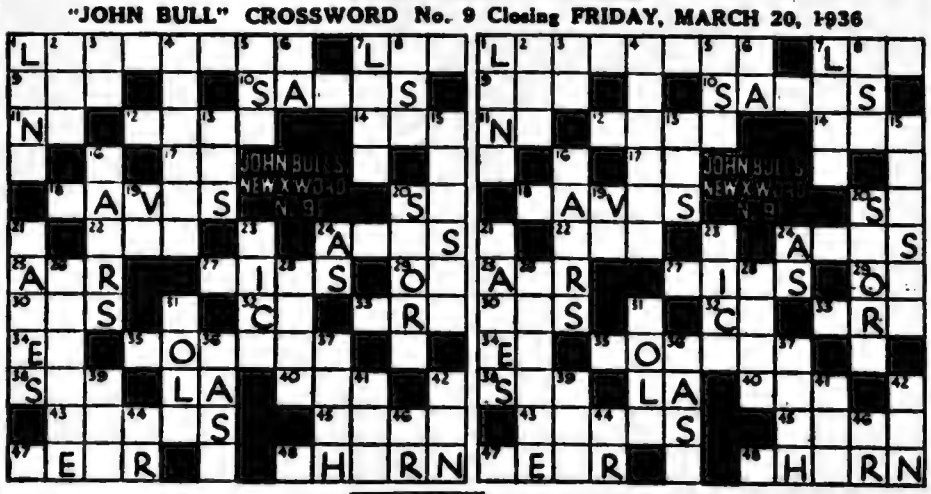
ADDRESS.....

.....

CUT ROUND THESE DOTTED LINES

CUT ROUND THESE DOTTED LINES

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 9 Closing FRIDAY, MARCH 20, 1936



In entering this Competition, I agree to abide by the rules and conditions as final in all matters and I enclose

P.O. value..... No. .....

ENTRY FEE for 4 Squares 1s.

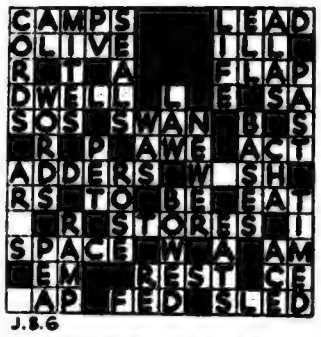
SIGNED .....

ADDRESS.....

.....

ADDRESS ENTRY CROSSWORD NO. 9, "JOHN BULL," 57, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2. (Comp.)

X-WORD No. 6



J.B.6

WINNERS ON PAGE 45.

The most meritorious Answers used by competitors, decided according to aptness and accuracy by the Adjudication Committee, were those seen in the Square above.

Three spaces are left blank to indicate that at these points competitors who used the words WASH or WISH, ARMS or ARTS, and MAP or TAP were regarded as having submitted answers of equal merit.

Reasons for Committee's findings in Diagon Crossword No. 6 will form the subject of a helpful feature for would-be winners in next week's "Crossword Gazette."

GET THIS FREE HELP

In addition to valuable "Reasons Why" guidance, the "Crossword Gazette" provides Entry Squares on fine paper, all the Crossword news and other constructive aid—entirely free!

Secure your weekly supply by enclosing with your Crossword entry the Reservation Form for "Crossword Gazette" and "Bullets" Bulletin on page 47.

STUDY THESE CLUES

CLUES ACROSS

1. Man who lives ashore
7. Over-exciting one is commonly dangerous
9. Give assistance
10. Huge ones suit bankers
11. Name without vowels
12. They grow into lads
14. Fitting in caption
17. Starts revolt and ends sore
18. Water is often thrown off by them
20. Piece of sugar in sun
22. Belonging to it
24. They provide protection for workers
25. Is forced into tyres
27. White ones are permissible on some occasions
29. Part of motor in Scotland
30. Ship's distress call
32. Head and tail of cow
33. You are able to do this with your eyes
34. Editor in brief
35. He unloads ships at the docks
38. M.P.s do this in the House
40. Deserts sinking ship
43. You want waste here
45. It softens water
47. Look at this when buying cheap car
48. Getting this makes sheep uncomfortable

CLUES DOWN

1. It's sometimes hard for airmen to distinguish it
2. You take this when about to fire
3. End without beginning
4. They stock a wide variety of goods
5. Often pulls coster's barrow
6. Half navy in Havana
7. Tree comes into in Spring
8. Don't touch this end of aspidistra
13. What her "No" often means
15. Deserving of trust
16. Gradually grow less as years go by
19. Vat with nothing inside
20. There's trouble in this for unseaworthy ship
21. Essential when exploring great desert
23. Rich man's child gets this of toys
26. Antiseptic for putting on cuts
28. Something in sewer which holds water
31. Mother's anxious when child's this
36. Publican keeps check on
37. Such drivers are dangerous
39. Drink in steamer
41. Also in stool
42. Is feared by film producer
44. Part of under that is half over
46. Remove middle of door

WINNERS

OF BIG X-WORD CHEQUES IN COMPETITION A.O. 6 APPEAR ON PAGE 45.

READ THESE RULES CAREFULLY

1.—Complete puzzle in ordinary ink, not copying-ink or copying-ink pencil, cut out the whole entry form whether both puzzle squares are used or not. Entry-fee for one coupon (two squares) is SIXPENCE. For two coupons (four squares) send ONE SHILLING. Make Postal Order payable to Odhams Press Ltd., and cross it / & Co. / ; write name and address and date of posting on back of P.O. and fill in the number upon Entry Form; send Entry Form by post as directed, to reach us not later than Friday, March 20.

2.—In addition to two sixpenny entry forms from "John Bull" each entrant may submit TWO EXTRA SIXPENNY ENTRY FORMS provided these are taken from "John Bull's" free weekly "Crossword Gazette" or other announcement of this Competition. Thus, each entrant is limited to 4 Entry Forms (8 squares in all), and Entry-fee of 2s.

Should any letter square be left blank, contain a letter which is not clear or altered or not given in ink, the corresponding letter on adjoining Entry-square will be regarded as entrant's intended letter for both Entry-squares. If entrant's answer cannot be so decided, entry-square concerned will be disqualified, as will any mutilated coupon.

No responsibility is accepted for any entry lost, delayed, not delivered, or mislaid, and no correspondence will be entered into.

3.—Winner and winning Puzzle Square will appear in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, April 2. Should any competitor not announced as a winner believe that he entered a coupon eligible for a share of the First Prize, he must demand a scrutiny by first post Tuesday, April 7, in accordance with directions given with result. Any such scrutiny which may amend the result must be accepted as final. No scrutiny can be conducted in connection with the Runners-up prize. Accordingly, entries are accepted only on condition that the result of our double adjudication establishing these winners is regarded as final. Merit is established according to the number of words which, in answering the Clues given, agree with the winning Puzzle Square.

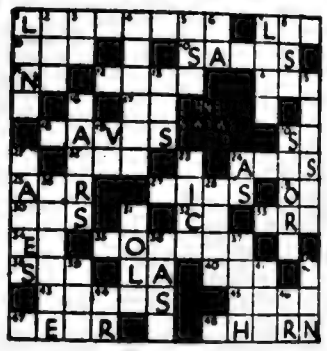
4.—Should First Prize be shared, £850 cash will be paid instead of the Two-in-one award.

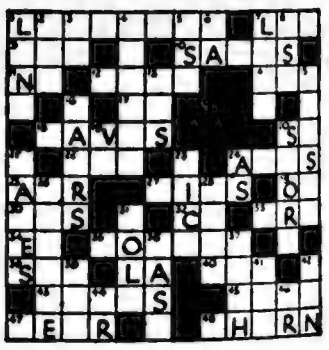
5.—Failure to comply with any of the Rules and Conditions involves disqualification.

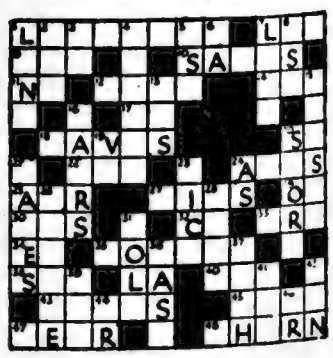
6.—Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and members of their families are not eligible to compete.

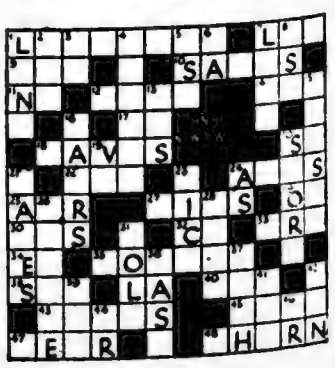
COPY SQUARES

Squares below are for your copies —not accepted as entries.









If "tickling throat" keeps you awake
Example from this lady take—

Go—suck a

ZUBE

Zubes contain Aniseed, Liquorice, Menthol, Friar's Balsam and other tried and homely remedies that are 'best for throat and chest'.

In flat tins 3d. and 6d.
2½d. per ounce less.

Broken BONES in the PLAYGROUND

A HAPPY scene such as meets the eye any fine day in any playground—a babble of laughter without a note of care—children urging one another on—and then suddenly a crash. Voices are hushed and a little limp figure is carried off.

Every day JOHN BULL despatches cheques to registered readers whose children have come to grief in just such a way. Last week alone no fewer than 63 parents had practical cause to appreciate the value of this Section of our Free Family Insurance Gift when they each received a prompt cheque to help to meet the medical and nursing fees.

Altogether during the past week £875 9s. 4d. has been distributed to registered readers as follows:—

Household and Sickness Benefits	£450	13	4
Accident Benefits, Adults	298	16	0
" " Children	126	0	0
Total	£875	9	4

In addition to Benefits for "Children's Accidents" JOHN BULL offers benefits for accidents in the Home and Garden, on the Sports Field, while Boating and Bathing, Loss by Burglary, Damage to your Radio by Lightning, etc.

EXCLUSIVE BENEFITS.

JOHN BULL is the only paper in the world to safeguard your household effects against damage caused by FIRE, STORM, FLOOD and TEMPEST. Another exclusive feature is the sickness benefit.

All Accident and Sickness Benefits are paid in addition to any sums a registered reader may receive from any other sources. Fill in the forms below, NOW!

CUT HERE

JOHN BULL
Hand this Form to your Newsagent

To (Name of Newsagent) .....

Address .....

.....

Please deliver or reserve JOHN BULL for me weekly until further notice.

Signature .....

Address .....

.....

Date.....

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.
J.B. 14/3/36

Post this Form to
"John Bull," Registration Department, 122, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

I have sent an Order Form to my Newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of JOHN BULL. Please register me as a regular reader.

.....
Reader's Signature.

Age.....

Address .....

.....

.....

Name and Address of Newsagent.

.....

Date.....

Use ½d. stamp. Don't seal envelope. A certificate setting out the full benefits and conditions and certifying registration will be sent if ½d. stamped addressed envelope is enclosed for return.
PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY. J.B. 14/3/36

CUT HERE

PAT'S SECRET
... AND I HEARD JIM SAY MY HANDS LOOKED RED AND ROUGH
DARLING, WHY DON'T YOU USE 'VASELINE' JELLY? SMOOTH A LITTLE ON AT NIGHT—AND YOUR HANDS WILL SOON BE SOFT AND LOVELY

Marriage need not always mean 'HOUSEWORK HANDS'

Are your hands as attractive as they were in your courting days? They can be—despite housework. Just a little "Vaseline" Jelly smoothed on at nights will get rid of all that red roughness—prevent "Housework hands." Your hands will be as white and smooth as any single girl's. Try "Vaseline" Jelly tonight. Chesebrough Mfg. Co. Cons'd., Victoria Road, London, N.W.10.

—"Vaseline"—
Petroleum Jelly

1038-1

BIG CHEQUES WON IN CROSSWORD No. 6.

In connection with "John Bull" Crossword No. 6, the Adjudication Committee decided that the most meritorious answers on one square (see page 44) were those submitted by the following competitors, who share the £1,000 offered as First Prize:—

L. Baskett, 15, Hall Street, Chelmsford.
C. Cooke, 118, Rectory Road, Sutton Coldfield.
H. Craven, 54, South Parade, Whitley Bay.
T. Evans, 2, Greenfield Terrace, Cwmpark, Trorchy, Glam.
W. M. Jackson, 57, Baird Street, Bradford.
F. J. Keates, 3, Hollam Road, Milton, Southsea.
A. J. Lane, 185, Tanworth Lane, Shirley, Birmingham.
R. McIlrath, 163, Sandown Road, Belfast.
Mrs. E. C. Miller, 9, Woodend, Sutton, Surrey.
Mrs. Nixon, 147, York Road, Belfast.
Mrs. E. E. Pritchard, 13, The Drive, Gilfach, Bargoed.
Mrs. G. Senior, 32, Wesley Hill, Selly Oak, Birmingham.
Mrs. M. Sill, 12, Elmdale Crescent, Northfield, Birmingham.
Mrs. A. Ward, 5, Blakehill Avenue, Eccleshill, Bradford.
A. West, 33, Wellmeadow Road, Lewisham, S.E. (2 shares).
Mrs. E. Whitefoot, 111, Rustlings Road, Sheffield, Yorks.

Subject to the terms and conditions of the Competition, a cheque for £58 16s. 6d. will be sent for each winning square.

Any other entrant who believes that he submitted a square eligible for a share of this Prize must demand a Scrutiny by not later than First Post, Tuesday, March 17, sending £1 Scrutiny Fee, copy of all squares submitted and Postal Order number. Envelope to be registered, marked "Scrutiny" and addressed to the Competition Editor of "John Bull."

No scrutiny can be undertaken in connection with the Award of £500 to Runners-up. This Prize has been divided between 249 competitors from whom we received squares inferior in merit by reason of only one less apt and accurate answer compared with the best squares received. These winners will each receive £2 0s. 2d. A list of these Runners-up can be seen at the "John Bull" offices and all have been notified.

An entertaining Surprise Award will, as announced, be added to each of the above Cash Awards, all being over £1.

LIFE PENSION & £600 WAITING ON PAGE 44.

MEET HENRY!

He is to be found in every packet of Kensitas Cigarettes, the makers of which have issued a special album in order that these amusing cards can be preserved. Get one from your tobacconist—Now!

AWAY WITH *Spring Cleaning* SLAVERY

SAY good-bye to the drudgery of hands and knees behind dustpan and brush. Let the Hoover free you from this backbreaking task. Don't overlook the unique offer on the Front Cover in which you can test free for two days, without cost or obligation, a thorough cleaning Hoover, enabling you to spring clean your home easily and quickly. To take advantage of this Free Service—fill in the coupon on the Front Cover.

"ENGINEERING OPPORTUNITIES" FREE!

This unique Handbook shows the easy way to secure A.M.I.C.E., A.M.I.Mech.E., A.M.I.E.E., A.M.I.A.E., A.M.I.W.T., A.M.I.R.E., and similar qualifications.

WE GUARANTEE—"NO PASS—NO FEE."

Details are given of over 150 *Diploma Courses* in all branches of Civil, Mech., Elec., Motor, Aero., Radio and Television Engineering, Building, Government Employment, etc. Write for this enlightening Handbook to-day—FREE and post free.

BENNETT INSTITUTE OF ENGINEERING TECHNOLOGY, 84, Shakespeare House, 17, 18, 19, Stratford Place, W.1.

JOHN BULL'S GREAT PEN... OFFER

CASH THE COUPONS

'JOHN BULL' PEN COUPON

This coupon with P.O. for 2/9, plus 3d. postage and insurance, entitles holder to receive a "John Bull" all-British self-filling Pen with 14-carat solid gold nib, iridium tipped, guaranteed 2 years. Additional coupons up to four (any dates) may be saved and are acceptable in part payment, each counting as 3d. off the price. You may send 5 coupons and P.O. for 1/9, plus 3d. postage and insurance. *State if fine, medium or broad nib. Pocket clip 3d. extra.* Address: "John Bull" Pen Department, 27a, Floral Street, London, W.C.2.

VALUE 3d

Send for this special FREE RECIPE BOOK

HERE'S an interesting and valuable free book which will be of great use to every housewife and cook—in fact it should be in every home. It is the Radiation Cookery Book, which is offered free by the makers of Radiation New World Gas Cookers with the 'Regulo' Patented Oven Heat Control, which by simply adjusting the tap enables the oven to give different zones of heat suitable for different dishes. Even meals can cook themselves by use of the 'Regulo'!

Write, mentioning "John Bull," to Radiation, Ltd. (Dept. S.24), 164, Queen Victoria Street, London, E.C.4, or fill in the coupon on p. 27.

Reduce *YOUR* High BLOOD PRESSURE

Rejuvenate YOUR Arteries. Strengthen YOUR Heart. COME OFF the Danger List.

Avoid Blood Pressure Breakdowns! Steady heart action co-ordinated with youth-like elastic arteries are now possible for those past their prime. The "Shadforth" Simple Home Treatment for Arterio-Sclerosis rapidly reduces high blood pressure and tension. It gives prompt relief from palpitation, giddiness, premonitions of collapse, and sleeplessness; it leads to permanent restoration, and makes you 20 years younger within 20 days. Get it NOW. (Prescription No. 1168/T) Prices: 2/6, 5/6, 15/6

Privately packed and post free at these prices from

Shadforth Prescription Service Ltd.,
(Dept. J.B.20), 45, KING WILLIAM STREET, LONDON BRIDGE, E.C.4, and Branches.

Descriptive Book (J.B. 20) Post Free.

SAVE YOUR WRAPPERS —

from Preservene Soap. Fifteen of them qualify for a useful Free Gift. Use the free coupon on page 35—this will count as one towards your collection! If you want to save yourself unnecessary work and yet be house proud, you simply must respond to this Preservene offer.

TURN TO PAGE 35 NOW!

GLANDS and VIRILITY

Are properly functioning glands the secret of sparkling vitality? Recent biological discoveries suggest that they are. By stimulating your glands you can "put back the clock of the years" and achieve super-abundant virility, a capacity for work and play such as you have never before experienced. DOVIM (for Men) and DOVITE (for Women) Rejuvenation Tablets are a marvellous combination of the world's finest and purest glandular extracts with certain precious herbal substances from the East. Nervous exhaustion, weakness, inability to concentrate, etc., definitely conquered. Write to-day for full particulars and a free copy of a secret-revealing little book entitled, "Can Men and Women Live to be 150?" which should be read by every adult.

Address: INTERNATIONAL LABORATORIES LTD., DEPT. S., 30-42, SMEDLEY ST., LONDON, S.W.8.

SUFFERERS from — Rheumatism, Lumbago, Sciatica, Neuritis, Bronchitis, Chest Colds,

SEND 1½ Stamp (For Post & Packing) FOR FREE TRIAL SAMPLE of

MAORI BALM
BRAND
MASSAGE CREAM

Thousands of unsolicited testimonials say it gives instant relief; does more good than any other prescription. Sold by Boots (Cash Chemists), Timothy Whites, and good class Chemists everywhere. 1/3 tube.

Send 1½d. stamp To-day for Free Sample to
MAORI BALM PRODUCTS Ltd. (Dept. J)
103, TOPPING STREET, BLACKPOOL

Help Kidneys

Don't Take Drastic Drugs.

Your Kidneys have nine million tiny tubes or filters which are endangered by cheap, irritating drugs or neglect. If Kidney or Bladder Trouble makes you suffer from Getting Up Nights, Nervousness, Dizziness, Backache, Rheumatism, Leg Pains, Circles Under Eyes, Dry, muddy Skin, Irritating Acidity or Loss of Vigour, don't take chances. Get the Doctor's guaranteed prescription Cystex (Siss-tex). Must bring new health and vitality in 48 hours and is guaranteed to make you feel 10 years younger and to cure troubles in 8 days or money back on return of empty package. Cystex costs very little at Boots, Taylor's, Timothy White's and all chemists, and the guarantee protects you.

HEART TROUBLE

PRESCRIPTION THAT WILL GIVE YOUR HEART A NEW LEASE OF LIFE.

Don't be alarmed because you suffer from symptoms of palpitation or pain near the heart. It may be indigestion or overstrung nerves. Shadforth Tonic No. 622 (known as "Blue Lion Fox Nuts") will strengthen the nerves, steady the heart and tone up stomach and kidneys. Don't imagine yourself into an illness: have a good rest, take the prescription, and be normal in a few days. This prescription prevents palpitation, faintness, tremblings, run-down condition, and stops that failing to pieces feeling.

P/Z for Shadforth Prescription Tonic No. 622.
1 box: 1/9 (50), 3/6 (72), 4/6 (144), 12/- (432).
Privately packed and post free at these prices from
Shadforth Prescription Service Ltd.
(Dept. J.B.36), 40, KING WILLIAM STREET, LONDON BRIDGE, E.C.4, and Branches.
Descriptive Book (J.B. 200) Post Free.

WHAT EXACTLY IS CATARRH?

Doctors say that catarrh is one of the most dangerous of unsuspected diseases. Four out of five people suffer from it in some form. Usually it begins with a simple cold. Then it spreads to all the mucous membranes of the head, nose, throat, lungs and stomach, whence its poison spreads all over the system.

There is one sure way to end catarrh. Ordinary medicines cannot reach the infected parts, but Dr. Blosser's Cigarettes will. They are made of valuable medicinal herbs, and as you smoke them their warm vapour carries its soothing, antiseptic properties into all the minute crevices of your respiratory system.

How to prove it

If you think you have the slightest trace of any catarrhal trouble, colds, asthma, bronchitis, &c., get a packet at any chemist to-day or just send a postcard or the coupon below, and we will send you, without cost to you, a few of the actual Dr. Blosser's Cigarettes for you to try.

ASK YOUR CHEMIST FOR THE NEW ENLARGED PACKAGE, SELLING AT THE OLD PRICE

FREE PACKET

Dr. Blosser, Ltd. (Dept. 121 W.W.), Temple Chambers, Temple Avenue, London, E.C.4.

Please send by post your Trial Package containing four Dr. Blosser's Cigarettes, that I may try them free of charge.

Name.....

Street.....

Town.....
(Print with pencil very, very plainly).

Dr. BLOSSER'S CIGARETTES

HOW I ENDED PILES

After Other Treatments Had All Failed

Startling Secret FREE

When I think now of the maddening torture I suffered with painful itching hæmorrhoids and rectal disorders, I am filled with gratitude for the new-found comfort, and vigorous activity I enjoy to-day. I couldn't sit, walk or sleep. My fear of the surgical knife led me to try everything. But, all in vain—until a chemist friend told me of TOSANINE. It contains a remarkable curative substance discovered in the balsamic deposits of the Tyrolean Alps. In clean, compressed form, TOSANINE is easily applied directly, without mess, fuss, bother or inconvenience. Inflammation, swelling, itching and irritating pressure are done away with in a single night. Sore, torn and damaged tissues are healed; the swollen blood vessels, which are piles, shrink and melt away, as if by some magic touch. Not only this, but bladder and prostate complaints are at once corrected and habits become normally regular. TOSANINE Brand Rectal Bougies are ***guaranteed to do what you want.*** You must get amazing relief right from the start and feel 10 years younger or no cost. Get direct from your Chemist or send 2/6 to-day for full-size convincing proof box and Intimate Secrets of How and Why this mysterious TOSANINE *always succeeds* — FREE. Address: TOSANINE Health Laboratories (Dept. 22B), 20/26, Brunswick Place, City Road, London, N.1.

FENNINGS'

70 YEARS REPUTATION

Sold in Stamped Boxes 1/3 & 3/- Also 1d. each or 2 for 1½d.

During the critical days of babyhood, these powders are the finest medicine for babies cutting their teeth, are cooling and soothing and absolutely harmless.

CHILDREN'S POWDERS

ARE YOU WORRIED ABOUT YOUR CHILDREN'S HEALTH?
Fennings' "Every Mother's Book" will give the advice you require. Ask your Chemist for a free copy or send to:—
ALFRED FENNINGS, COWES, I.W.

COMFORTABLE AT LAST . . .

with a Prize Armchair and

£750!

FRIDAY is a big day in the week for two little Liverpool boys. When their father comes home that evening they know that there will be a bag of sweets in his pocket for them.

But when Mr. H. Ewington brought the sweets home to 9, Allesley Road, Liverpool, one recent Friday, there were sweets of another kind awaiting him in a golden envelope.

Father's "bag" was a big one, too. That envelope brought the thrilling news from JOHN BULL that he had captured the First Prize of £750 in *Bullets* 1,018th Competition. And above, writes a JOHN BULL man who called with congratulations, you see him revelling in a deep and comfortable armchair, his additional prize which I brought down on the train from Euston.

"This is my first cash prize," he told me, as we chatted about *Bullets*, and all they have meant to him. But for "Target" awards, he had scored no successes at all before heading the prize-list with his well-balanced effort, To ME CAME "LIGHT"—GOING LIGHTER.

"It was whilst at work," he explained, "that I came on the idea for my First Prize *Bullet*. After I had spoken to a man whose life had appeared almost hopeless, I noticed the light of hope dawn in his face at the prospect of 'easier going.'

"It was easy," he went on, "to connect this thought with the *Example*, and bring out the religious significance.

"It has brought 'easier going' for us," concluded Mr. Ewington. "We have had a struggle to keep this little home going on my small salary. My wife is far from well, but now she will be able to get all the proper treatment, and my First Prize will mean a good education for our two boys."

* * *

Like the "Bulleteer" who just beat him in this Contest, Second Prize-winner, Mr. W. P. Condon, 11, Rose Street, Dunfermline, is also an enthusiastic reader of our free weekly guide to the prize-list.

Like the First Prize-winner, too, he owes his success to someone less fortunate than himself.

"I saw an old soldier huddled on the cold, wet pavement," he told JOHN BULL. "There were medals on his ragged coat and a few crayon sketches beside his inverted cap. There was my *Bullet*, OUT AT ELBOWS—AND VIMY—AND MONS!

"I dropped a copper or two in that poor chap's cap," Mr. Condon added, "and my reward for thinking of him was £50 in hard cash and a comfortable armchair!"

A veteran entrant in JOHN BULL'S Contests, Mr. Condon can claim previous small successes galore, but none to equal his present prize. "I am going on slogging along," he declared, "and I am fully determined to bring off a still greater success.

"Keep a keen outlook on the little things of everyday life and thoroughly digest the winning lines"—that is this consistent winner's sound advice to other competitors.

If you are wise, you will take the second part of Mr. Condon's advice immediately and examine now the big prize efforts reproduced for your guidance below.

Then keep your eyes and ears open for homely incidents to turn into prize *Bullets*, just as he did.

RECORD IDEAL HOME ★

OFFER OF PRIZES AND BONUSES VALUE OVER

£7,000

SEE STAGGERING DETAILS ON OPPOSITE PAGE

STUDY THESE BIG PRIZE "BULLETS"

THE result of *Bullets* 1,019th Contest is not due to appear on this page until next week, so here for your assistance in studying winning styles is a collection of big prize *Bullets* of 1936.

Each of these efforts secured for its sender a substantial JOHN BULL cheque, but not one is made up of any but simple, everyday words such as we all use constantly. As you examine their neat phrasing, notice that the meaning of each *Bullet* is clearly expressed and that every effort is linked closely with the *Example*.

Remember these points when you turn to this week's *Examples* and you will have taken an important step towards winning this week a £1,500 fortune and Millionaires' Cup Final Week-end.

IN LIFE'S WORKSHOP
MAKE "SHORT" TIME "FULL"!
COUNT YOUR BLESSINGS AND
ONE—TWO—THREE—*Snore*!
WORTH BACKING
MONARCHY—KEEPS *You* "MONARCH."
AWAY FROM HER
I'D SOON "SLIP BACK."
WONDERFUL WIFE
"SUCCEEDING" WITHOUT "DETHRONING" MOTHER.
BRICKS AND MORTAR
"GLARING," WHERE ENGLAND "SMILED."
ONE WAY OUT
OF "SHADOW," *Into* CHURCH.
IN RAGS
SMARTING—"SMART MAN WANTED."
FATHER'S SOLO
MIGHTY LIKE A *Crow's*!
FOR THE SAKE OF THE REST
MAKE ROADHOG'S "BED" *Harder*!
TO ME
CAME "LIGHT"—GOING LIGHTER.
OUT AT ELBOWS
AND VIMY—AND MONS.

HELP YOU NEED

BOTH the big *Bullets* winners whose stories appear above paid glowing tributes to "*Bullets*" *Bulletin*. "That gem of gems" is what the Second Prize-winner, Mr. W. P. Condon, calls JOHN BULL'S free weekly guide to the prize-list.

Published solely to help would-be winners in our Contests, "*Bullets*" *Bulletin*, together with JOHN BULL'S invaluable *Crossword Gazette*, can be yours at the mere cost of its ½d. postage.

Send for a supply of "*Bullets*" *Bulletin* and you will just be in time to receive the special "Ideal Home" number, packed with guidance on how to win and what to avoid.

* * *

With this copy of "*Bullets*" *Bulletin* you will also receive a beautifully illustrated "Ideal Home" Supplement, telling how JOHN BULL built the Home of his Dreams for Mr. G. R. Rainier, Highcliffe, near Bournemouth. You will also be amongst the first to benefit by a splendid new "There and Back" privilege by which readers of "*Bullets*" *Bulletin* are provided with free addressed envelopes for their entries.

Post the Easy Reservation Coupon on the opposite page as instructed or enclose it with your *Bullets* for this week's fine offer.

WIN £1,500 CASH and MILLIONAIRE'S CUP FINAL WEEK-END IN LONDON FOR TWO

BULLETS FIRST PRIZE FOR 2, 3 or 4 WORDS

GIANT CUP FINAL PRIZES AND 100 EASTER HAMPERS in this mighty ONE WEEK OFFER

OF BULLETS PRIZES VALUE OVER £2,000

£100 AND MILLIONAIRE'S CUP FINAL WEEK-END FOR TWO

£50 AND MILLIONAIRE'S CUP FINAL WEEK-END FOR TWO

£2,000

3 DAYS OF THRILLS FOR SIX VISITORS

Luxurious hotel accomodation and use of limousine, with perfect Cup Final seats and visit to Theatre and Cabaret, have been arranged for "John Bull's" guests during week-end of Sat., April 25.

1000 OTHER PRIZES

£25 £10 £9 £8 £7 £6 £5 £4 £3 10 at £2

2000 of £1

2,000 RED SEAL DARTS, 3,000 THREE PRIZES

100 BIG £2 EASTER HAMPERS containing Plump Aylesbury Duckling, Fresh Green Peas, Cocoaberries, Cream, Easter Cake, Fruit Cordial, Chocolate Easter Egg, Marzipan Easter Egg, Cigarettes and Bottle of Fine Old Port to arrive Easter Thursday, April 9.

1022

MONSTER ONE-WEEK OPPORTUNITY— YOURS UNTIL SATURDAY, MARCH 21!

HERE is one more giant one-week Competition before our Record Ideal Home Offer—and in its enormous prize-list there are rewards for good *Bullets* totalling over £2,000 in value.

Imagine yourself and a companion in London on Saturday, April 25, enjoying the thrill of the Cup Final at Wembley from perfect seats—and afterwards driving back to your West End hotel in a luxurious limousine!

That will be the pleasant experience of this week's £1,500 *Bullets* First Prize-winner and companion. And they will enjoy, besides the struggle of football giants at Wembley, a round of sightseeing and entertainments as JOHN BULL'S Millionaire guests.

In addition, winners of both this week's £100 Second Prize and the £50 Third will also become entitled to the same splendid extra privilege.

Notice also that in this week's huge array of 10,622 prizes there is a batch of 100 big £2 Easter Hampers, packed to the brim with seasonable delicacies of the famous JOHN BULL quality.

THE WAY TO WIN

TO make a *Bullet*, read through the *Examples* provided and jot down a few which specially appeal to you. Considering each one of these in turn, add any rough ideas which come into your mind as you seek some apt comment on each *Example*.

Now, since a Bullet must consist of TWO, THREE or FOUR words, compress your rough ideas accordingly into neat phrases, which convey your meaning clearly.

For instance, suppose you took the *Example*, HELPING HIMSELF; you might at first jot down the rough comment, *Helps Sonny To Get On Later*. This you could readily turn into the finished *Bullet*, HELPING HIMSELF—YOUNGSTER, REACHING *Life's* "JAM."

Before you begin on your own efforts, study the varied styles of the big prize *Bullets* reproduced for your guidance on the opposite page.

You can polish your ideas into prize *Bullets* just as effectively, so begin now and see that your entry reaches the judges by Saturday, March 21.

"EXAMPLES" FOR COMPETITION No. 1,022

GLORIOUS SPRING
LIFE'S MYSTERY
WHEN YOUNG
IN A STRANGE LAND
SMITH'S OPINION
HELPFUL CHAP
TELLS IN THE END
WE WERE HAPPY, BUT "YOU CAN'T DO THAT HERE!"
QUAINT CUSTOM
LEFT ABOUT
OFF TO THE OFFICE
BLOWING
ALL THROUGH THE NIGHT
WHAT THE BARMAID SAID
WHEN DAD WASHED UP
EVERY FRIDAY
SAILING HOME
NEEDS PLUCK
THEIR CHILDREN
TOO DEAR
HE RAISED HIS VOICE AND
LOSING CONTROL
WHITEWASH
MADE HER SORRY
TOO CLEVER
WIFEY'S IDEA
HELPING HIMSELF
ROTTEN
IN THEORY
GETTING WARMER
WATCH YOUR STEP OR
COMING TO
WHEN WE'RE TOLD
OUT OF THE WOOD
TRICKED

READ THESE RULES CAREFULLY.

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the judges in consultation with the Editor, is the best Bullet received and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

2. Only two attempts may be written on each coupon and a postal order must be enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of. This must be made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed & Co. Entrant's name, address and date of posting must be written on back of postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated.

3. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and their families are not eligible.

The original cheque for £700 awarded to the First Prize-winner in Competition No. 1,018 will be displayed in the window of Mr. Davies, 3, Longreach Road, Devecot, Liverpool.

WIN £5 WEEKLY FOR LIFE, £1,000 AND IDEAL HOME!

Next week's issue is bringing "Bullets'" Colossal 1936 Ideal Home Offer, with this mighty 3-in-1 First Heading prizes and Bonuses value over £7,000!

EXAMPLE		
BULLET		
EXAMPLE		
BULLET		
(1,022)	P.O. No.	Signed .....
Closing SAT., Mar. 21.	I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 1 Coupon send P.O. for 6d.	Address .....

EXAMPLE		
BULLET		
EXAMPLE		
BULLET		
(1,022)	P.O. No.	Signed .....
Closing SAT., Mar. 21.	I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 2 Coupons send P.O. for 1s.	Address .....

EXAMPLE		
BULLET		
EXAMPLE		
BULLET		
(1,022)	P.O. No.	Signed .....
Closing SAT., Mar. 21.	I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 3 Coupons send P.O. for 1s. 6d.	Address .....

EXAMPLE		
BULLET		
EXAMPLE		
BULLET		
(1,022)	P.O. No.	Signed .....
Closing SAT., Mar. 21.	I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 4 Coupons send P.O. for 2s.	Address .....

Should you wish to enter further "Bullets" you can write them on plain paper.

NEWSAGENTS' PRIZES.—Cheques of £5, £2 and £1 respectively will be paid to the newsagents from whom the chief winners in "Bullets" No. 1,022 usually purchase "John Bull."

Address. Entry: "Bullets" No. 1,022, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)

ACCEPT 48 FREE PAGES of help with "BULLETS" AND CROSSWORDS USE THIS COUPON

YOU ARE INVITED TO

ENCLOSE THIS COUPON WITH YOUR "BULLETS" OR "JOHN BULL" CROSSWORDS

Please register me for six weeks' free supply of "Bullets Bulletin" and "Crossword Gazette." I have affixed 3d. in stamps to this coupon for postage.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

Affix 1½d. stamp here

Affix 1½d. stamp here

Don't You Feel Well Mummy?

How Can You Tell Them You Feel

EXHAUSTED

A Bundle of NERVES, WEAK, HEADACHY, DYSPEPTIC, LISTLESS?

—Why continue to be agonised by Terrible Headaches, Niggling Nerve Pains, Black Depression, and Heavy-Limbed Lassitude?

—Why go on denying yourself the Gift of Sound Digestion, Steady Nerves and Unflagging Energy?

YOU NEED YEAST-VITE

You have only to walk into the nearest chemist's and experience the benefit of this marvellous Lightning PICK-ME-UP!

Yeast-Vite has conquered. It has come as a marvel of relief to Tired, Exhausted Mothers. It has restored Brightness to the Eye and Youthful Bloom to Pale, Wan Cheeks. It has given Energy to Men where before was the hopeless, listless anguish of Nagging Headaches and Worn-out Nerves.

Yeast-Vite regulates the action of the Digestive Tract. It relieves and banishes Dyspepsia. And in cases of Anæmia, Sleeplessness, Stomach Troubles, and Constipation it works absolute wonders.

For "Yeast-Vite" supplies to your body just those essential elements of well-being which a Run-down and Pain-racked system needs. In this accurate Scientific Combination of Pure Medicinal Yeast (Saccharomyces Cerevisiæ) Valuable Vitamins and other Tonic Ingredients is a concentrated source of New Life, New Health and Vigorous Vitality for YOU.

Alongside is the famous Yeast-Vite Quick-Health Time-Table and our World-wide offer to every ailing man and woman, No Cure —No Pay!

This is unquestionably the most HONEST, STRAIGHT-FORWARD and Fair Dealing Offer ever made to the British Public. For your health's sake accept it TO-DAY and so start NOW on the road to Better Health and Brighter Spirits than you have ever known before.

From the first dose of Yeast-Vite you feel Renewed—Refreshed—Reinvigorated. PAIN disappears! WEAKNESS is changed to STRENGTH! Life becomes Happy—Joyous—WORTH LIVING.

THEY know "something" is wrong—but they don't realise how ill you feel! They don't know how you WEAR YOURSELF OUT looking after them, how the daily tasks seem to sap every ounce of your vitality, how their noise and chatter make your head ache and throb—tear your nerves to shreds! But we know how the cares of motherhood wear down the strongest system. We know how you feel—that is why we tell you to take "Yeast-Vite"!

YEAST-VITE QUICK HEALTH TIME-TABLE

FROM	TO	TIME
NERVE PAINS	*Glorious Relief*	In 5/15 Mins.
HEADACHES	*Deliverance*	In 5/15 Mins.
LASSITUDE	*Vim and Vigour*	In 10/20 Mins.
DEPRESSION	*Buoyant Energy*	In 10/20 Mins.
"NERVES"	*Steadiness*	In 10/20 Mins.
INDIGESTION	*Keen Appetite*	In 15/30 Mins.
EXHAUSTION	*Animation*	In 15/30 Mins.
SLEEPLESSNESS	*Calm Repose*	In 30/60 Mins.
RHEUMATISM	*Pain Relief*	In 24 Hours
CONSTIPATION	*Regularity*	In 36 Hours
IMPURE BLOOD	*Purification*	In 36 Hours

NO CURE NO PAY!

Simply obtain a 1/3 Bottle of YEAST-VITE Brand Tablets from any Chemist. Try the treatment at our risk, and if you are not THOROUGHLY CONVINCED of the WONDERFUL POWER, PERFECT SAFETY and TONIC PROPERTIES OF YEAST-VITE, return the empty carton to Irving's Yeast-Vite, Ltd., Watford, within one month of purchase, and your money will be refunded in full without quibble or question.

Yeast-Vite Brand

Tonic Tablets, Sold Everywhere, 3d., 6d., 1/3, 3/. and 5/.

199 B 10

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